

# AMELIE *in* FRANCE

BY  
MAURICE  
FRANCIS  
EGAN







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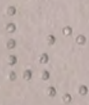


# Amelie in France

By

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

*Author of "The Watson Girls," "The Watsons  
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Chumleigh at Boarding School," etc.*



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Part of this story appeared with great success in the *Ave Maria* some time ago. The thanks of the author are due to the reverend editor for permission to reprint.







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## A Few Words

IT was natural enough that Amelie Watson the cousin of the young persons of this story, should try to do her best for them. Their mother was dead and she wanted to help them :—so she did it, in her own way, from her home in France. All the good in this book, is due to the influence of Amelie in France.



# Amelie in France

## I

### AT HOME

"I LOVE home," called out Tom. "I don't want to go. It's so comfy here. Aunt Susan almost lets us do as we please, and if she wasn't always reading Cousin Amelie's letters to us, we'd just grow up as we liked."

"You're wrong there," said his older brother, Dick. "You forget that when father is at home, we have to step lively."

"I long for foreign lands," said Elizabeth, dramatically; "the sea, the sea ——"

"The land! the land!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said little Lucy, entering; "but I'm on Elizabeth's side!"

They all laughed.

They were about to leave their native land. Elizabeth played the "Star Spangled Banner"



and "Hail, Columbia!" every day for a week after they received the Dublin letter; and Dick wondered half a dozen times whether they would ever celebrate a Fourth of July again. Tom declared that he would always hoist the American flag and shoot off firecrackers, come what might. Lucy was really the saddest of all, because she loved Aunt Susan better than any of the others; and though she did not talk patriotism at all, she looked wistfully at the white houses and the green fields around her, and thought to herself that Thornydale was the prettiest place in all the world.

The boys and girls of Thornydale envied the young MacCarthys, and most of them said many kind things. Elizabeth burst into tears—or, at least, she came into Aunt Susan's sitting-room with tears in her eyes,—because Seth Langley had brought her his pet rabbit as a remembrance. And Elizabeth had been very rude at times to Seth.

Seth was an elderly man, half-witted, supported by kind people, and he liked to stop the children on their way from school to tell them about his youthful adventures at sea. Sometimes



Elizabeth had been impatient, and had cut Seth's stories off short. And now that he had brought her his only treasure—the white rabbit,—she felt very sorry.

“And I thought he hated me,” she said; “and I avoided him every time I passed. And he didn't remember it. He said I'd always been so kind to him, he couldn't let me go without showing his thankfulness in some way. And when he came, I just thought of Amelie's story about old Jean, her aunt's servant, and how Amelie made him happy by pretending that she did not notice his poverty and bad humor. I wish I could write letters like Amelie, Aunt Susan. Amelie's letters from France *do* influence us all for good. Poor old Seth!”

“He is a good old man,” remarked Aunt Susan gently. “People think more kindly of us than we imagine. I have always found it so. And the secret of your Cousin Amelie's influence is that she is sincere.”

“And may I take the rabbit across the ocean, Auntie?”

Aunt Susan hesitated.

“I'll take charge of it,” Dick said.



Aunt Susan looked at him doubtfully. She knew, from observation, that Dick's "care" would kill the rabbit in a short time. Dick's care was the kind of care that might even kill the nine lives of a cat.

Elizabeth gave Dick what he called a "baleful glance." Thereupon he laughed. Elizabeth loved romantic stories of princesses who used long words and high-sounding phrases. Her idol was her cousin, Amelie Watson, who had lived for some time with some other relatives in France. Dick never laughed at Amelie, though her letters were almost too often quoted by Elizabeth. Amelie, he said, was a "good sport."

Elizabeth tried to "draw herself up haughtily." Elizabeth had read some novels, and she was always imitating her favorite heroines. She never cried: she always "burst into tears"; she was never surprised: she was always "profoundly agitated"; and Dick grinned frequently in imitation of her "slow, sweet smile." But she was a nice girl, in spite of her affectations.

Lucy ran into the room, her yellow curls flying behind her, with two large packages in her hands.

"It's maple-sugar!" she announced. "And



Jim Brogan, the milk-boy, says we're to take it, with his compliments."

The milk-boy indeed! Elizabeth "drew herself up haughtily," and said, in what she imagined to be a "scornful tone": "I thought you had more pride, Lucy, than to take anything from the milk-boy."

"Why?" said Lucy,—“why? His mother said he might give the maple-sugar to us. And he meant it kindly.”

Aunt Susan was quiet; she often learned a great deal of her charges' characters by letting them talk.

"I could never take a gift from such a low person," said Elizabeth, with her grandest air. "I consider myself above such people. They are inferior."

"Oh, Elizabeth!" cried Lucy, shocked.

"Oh, Elizabeth, Eliza, Bessy or Beth!" imitated Dick. "What would Amelie's grand friend, the Countess de Beauclaire, say?"

"I don't care what she would say," Lucy piped, in her sweet, little voice.

"Look in one of Amelie's letters and find out!" said Dick. "I think you're an awful snob, Liz."



“Children!” said Aunt Susan.

Lucy turned her blue eyes towards Aunt Susan in astonishment.

“Has Jim Brogan done anything wrong?” she asked. “He has always seemed so good and industrious. He is always so clean and neat when he serves Mass. He must have a good mother.”

Elizabeth tried to “curl her lip.” Dick caught her in the act. He laughed.

“What are you doing now, Liz?” he said. “‘Drawing yourself up proudly’ or ‘letting your eyes flash in utter scorn’? I know all the signs, but I can’t tell what you are doing now.”

This caused Elizabeth to drop what Dick called her “high tragedy airs.”

“She’s just thinking that Jim Brogan, the milk-boy, is *so inferior* that we can’t take a piece of maple-sugar from him,” said Lucy.

Dick’s little blue eyes twinkled. “Oh, Liz is preparing herself for Old-World ways! In England, you know, the gentry don’t know trades-people, and our own father is considered *so inferior* by some of them.”

“But Amelie says that her friend, the Countess de Beauclaire, makes a companion of good people,



whether they are rich or poor. Don't you remember Amelie's story of the countess's carrying the basket of linen a whole mile for the sick young girl?"

"Just what she ought to do, if her feet didn't hurt her. Aunt Susan, these shoes have shrunk, I believe. Can't Liz and I have a new pair?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'Liz,' Dick; it's so vulgar! I'm not thinking of England at all. I do think that it would be very undignified for us to take a gift from little Jimmy Brogan."

"Jimmy doesn't steal, does he?"

"The idea, Dick! He's a very good boy. I am not talking of anything but his social position."

Dick doubled himself up in a paroxysm of affected laughter. Aunt Susan smiled in spite of herself, as she said, "Dick, Dick!"

Elizabeth became red in the face, and forgot to "draw herself up proudly."

"Oh, my!" said Dick, "how aristocratic! Why, only two years ago you used to play marbles in the front yard with Jimmy and me! He was good enough then."

"And if she takes Seth's rabbit, why shouldn't I take Jimmy's sugar?" said Lucy.



“We’ve always been considered a first family in Thornydale,” said Elizabeth, “and there must be classes.”

“But Amelie, whom you are always quoting, says that the ladies of the best families in Paris never allow others to feel themselves inferior. It’s not Christian;—you’re so fond of quoting Amelie’s letters, why don’t you apply them? *I* don’t think much of girls, but Amelie is a ‘good sport.’ She sent me a pair of skis when she was in Norway.”

“But why,” repeated Lucy, “should I refuse Jimmy’s sugar, if Elizabeth takes Seth’s rabbit?”

“Oh, my dear Lucy, she likes rabbits, but she doesn’t like maple-sugar! That makes all the difference in the world.”

Aunt Susan settled the dispute by deciding against the aristocrat of the family.



## II

## THE BLOOD OF THE MACCARTHYS

AUNT SUSAN was Mrs. MacCarthy's sister. Mr. MacCarthy had been a widower for some years, and the children had been, since their mother's death, in Aunt Susan's care. They had lived in her quiet house in Thornydale.

Dick and Tom were desirous of going to a boarding-school. But the girls feared a boarding-school with all their hearts. They loved Aunt Susan's cheerful home too much, and each had her favorite Sister at St. Rita's convent school. They even spoke French with Aunt Susan during one hour a day, for fear that she would send them away for "the languages." And they did their "vocal exercises" carefully, that the effects of their education might be apparent. Dick, however, wanted to travel or to go to sea or to be sent to a boarding-school, with a good baseball record. Aunt Susan had her hands full; but she loved the children dearly.



The days at Thornydale passed pleasantly. The children had their troubles, of course. Tom, the youngest, was often "kept in" at school, and Dick sprained his arm trying to get the chestnuts from the topmost boughs of the trees on the Ridge. Until Mr. MacCarthy was obliged to go to Europe on business, nothing apparently important happened.

One day there came a letter from Aunt Katharine, in Dublin, asking that Aunt Susan let the children come to her for several years.

"It will do them good," she wrote. "They will not read so much, perhaps; they will not learn so much out of books; but they will be well taught, and make the acquaintances of their cousins here. I long so much to see them. As I cannot go to them, let them come to me. Dear little things!—we shall be so glad to see them! We can run over to France, to see Amelie,—dear child!—I suppose they will miss Coney Island and the Yellow Stone Park in the summer,—I know that Americans frequently visit these places."

Dick laughed.

"Where did Aunt Katharine learn her geography?"



“Dick!” said Aunt Susan, warningly. “‘Be sure to see that they have warm clothes,—I understand that it is always hot in your country; and make them wear woolen mittens ——’”

“She must think we are mere infants,” Dick cried. “But she’ll soon know by our appetites that we are no such ‘dear little things.’”

“Don’t be vulgar, Dick,” Elizabeth said. “As father says, we must go,—of course we must.”

The day came at last when the four MacCarthy children were to say good-bye to Thornydale. The trunks were packed. All the good-byes had been said. Nothing remained between them and an ocean voyage except two days in New York, during which they were to buy some other necessary articles recommended by their father, who had written to each a very careful letter of advice.

There were no lessons to learn, of course, on the evening before their departure. Twilight was falling. The excitement which had hitherto kept them almost at fever heat had gone.

Dick took a small red note-book from his pocket, where many things reposed.

“Oh, I forget,” he said, writing rapidly. “It



must be striped, and a large one, guaranteed to have eaten three fat babies."

"Dick!" exclaimed Aunt Susan.

"I am making a careful sketch of the Broadway alligator I intend to take to Aunt Katharine."

Then an unusual quietness and sadness stole over them. The great fire made the room cheerful. Lucy lighted the alcohol lamp, and prepared to make her Aunt Susan's cup of tea as usual. Her aunt sat near the window, with her face turned from the children. When she spoke it was in a cheerful voice, but they could guess from her every motion that she was very sorry to lose them. Elizabeth was out, taking her music lesson. The rain had begun to come down heavily, and its pattering on the pane made a sort of bass to the treble and sharp crackling of the fire.

"No matter how hard it rains," Dick said, with a little sigh, "we'll have to go to-morrow. Liverpool steamships wait for no man."

"Ah, yes!" said Aunt Susan—"but," she added, rousing herself to a more cheerful tone, "how will Elizabeth get home? It's raining very hard. Dick, you had better go after her. You'll find her waterproof in the hall closet."



Dick began to grumble, but proceeded to button up his heavy woolen jacket. Suddenly Lucy uttered a scream. Aunt Susan seemed frozen ; she could only cry, "A rug !—quick !"

Lucy's jabot, Amelie's latest gift, had caught fire from the flame. The fire flashed up towards her face. Dick caught her in his arms and pressed her against his rough woolen jacket. The fire was smothered in an instant. Aunt Susan's hands trembled. "Dear boy !" she could only say.

"Dear bear !" laughed Dick.

Lucy sat, white and still.

Dick handed Aunt Susan her cup of tea. "Don't say anything, Aunt," he said, as Lucy began to cry hysterically. "It's over, — thank God !"

Suddenly Elizabeth passed the window under a huge umbrella.

"What an umbrella !" cried Dick in a trembling voice. "It must have come out of the ark. Why, a dozen people could get under it. Who lent it to you ?"

Elizabeth's light brown hair had lost its curl, and bright rain-drops shone on her cheeks.

"I should have been drenched — actually



drenched—if it had not been for that umbrella ; for it did not begin to rain until I had got three or four blocks from Herr Brecken's."

"And who was the good Samaritan who lent you his family tent?" demanded Dick, taking a thick slice of bread and butter.

"Oh, Lucy! What's the matter?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Your jabot is all burned, and, Aunt Susan, you're as white as a ghost. What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Dick. "I brought in the Polar Bear from Florida I've caught for Aunt Katharine, and it just hugged Lucy,—that's all."

Aunt Susan made a sign of silence to Elizabeth.

"Where did you get the wigwam?" asked Dick, abruptly.

Elizabeth reddened a little, and took off her hat, unrolled her music, but she did not answer Dick's question.

"I don't see how you expect to eat any dinner," she said, "if you eat so much now. And there's going to be ice-cream, too, in honor of our last dinner here."

"Is there?" cried Dick. "Oh, joy, oh, rapture



unforeseen!—But who lent you the family umbrella, Elizabeth?”

Elizabeth reddened more than ever.

“Oh, Elizabeth!” Lucy began to cry again. “Dick just saved my life. You did, Dick, you know you did!”

“I’ll regret it yet,” said Dick, “if you tell.”

“Lucy, go up to your room,” said Aunt Susan, authoritatively. “You can change your blouse. You can tell Elizabeth what happened when you are more composed.” Lucy obeyed.

“Where?—the spreading tent?” persisted Dick.

“Well, I couldn’t help taking it. I was passing Mrs. Brogan’s house, and thinking that I should catch my death of cold, when Jimmy Brogan ran out——”

“Oh, ho!” cried Dick. “And you said to him: ‘Our social station precludes my accepting your ——’”

“Aunt Susan, won’t you make Dick stop?”

“—— precludes my accepting your family heirloom. And then you ‘drew yourself up haughtily.’”

“Aunt Susan!”



“Stop, Dick!” commanded Aunt Susan. “But, Elizabeth, do not talk such nonsense in the future. A gentlewoman should never talk of anybody’s being ‘her inferior.’ The Brogans are good, kind-hearted people. If you will let their qualities count for less than mere exterior things, you are not worthy to be your mother’s daughter, Elizabeth. Poor Jimmy is doing his best to help his mother and to make a man of himself. I’m afraid you’ve been taking your ideas from the English novels you read, my dear. Some day you may meet in society a clever man whom you will feel honored to know. Perhaps it will be this same Jimmy Brogan who brings our milk every morning before we are up, that he may help his mother to pay her rent.”

“I didn’t mean any harm, Auntie,” said Elizabeth, kneeling down by her aunt and taking her hand. “But Jimmy wears such ragged clothes!”

“Can he help it?” cried Dick. “It makes me mad to hear girls talk so! Why, that boy is the best pitcher in Thornydale, and when we played the Star Baseball Club last spring he just made a three strike!”

“You are always forgetting, Dick, that the



blood of the MacCarthys flows in your veins," retorted Elizabeth, with what she intended to be a "haughty stare," though the effect of it was entirely lost in the twilight.

Dick laughed sarcastically.

"I don't believe, Liz, that if anybody put *you* in a book, he could get anybody to believe you was real ——"

"Were, were!" said Elizabeth. "Your grammar smacks of your associates."

"Smacks!" exclaimed Dick, wildly, rumpling his hair. "If Aunt Susan would smack you occasionally, you'd come down to earth."

"You must admit that good blood flows in our veins."

"Well, what if it does?" demanded Dick. "Wasn't papa a ragged boy when he came to this country long ago? Hasn't he told us about it often enough? Wasn't he an orphan? And didn't he just work and work and work until he earned all he has? If he hadn't worked, I reckon you'd be wearing ragged clothes now, in spite of the blood of the MacCarthys!"

The door-bell rang. It was a boy with a telegram.



## III

## THE TELEGRAM

A TELEGRAM was not usual in the MacCarthy family. Aunt Susan clutched Dick's arm, and asked for her smelling-salts.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I know something awful has happened!"

Elizabeth tried to produce an attitude of suspense and fear. Lucy, naturally sympathetic, began to imagine all kinds of horrors. Aunt Susan held the yellow envelope in one hand, while she plied the smelling-salts with the other.

"Just as you were about to leave with everything favorable!" she said. "It is always thus, children; you must never count on anything in this world."

"Are we not going after all?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, dear Aunt!" cried Elizabeth, seizing her aunt's hands, smelling-salts, telegram, and all, "be calm—be calm! You still have us all."

"Amelie may be dead,—perhaps murdered by



the French communists, who are destroying everything!" wailed Aunt Susan. "I warned Amelie to come away from those French people, who are only relatives by marriage, after all. Oh, my dear Amelie! Or it may be that something has happened to——"

"But you have us all," repeated Elizabeth.

"I should think so," said Dick; "we're all here; so is the telegram—unopened. Why don't you open it, Aunt Sue?"

"You unfeeling boy!" said Elizabeth. "Have you no respect for your aunt's trouble?"

"When I know what it is, perhaps I shall have. But I don't see why the telegraph boy should be kept waiting all this time."

Aunt Susan thrust the telegram into Dick's hand. Elizabeth put her hand to her heart and turned up her eyes. Lucy was all attention.

Dick tore open the envelope.

"Berths engaged. Will you take charge of young Brogan? See Father Reardon.

DUFFY."

"Is that really *all*?" demanded Elizabeth.

"That is really *all*," said Dick.



“What can it mean?” asked Aunt Susan, in astonishment.

“It means that papa’s friend, Mr. Duffy, has made every preparation for our voyage, and that he wants Aunt Susan to take charge of somebody going across.”

“Take charge of whom?” cried Aunt Susan, in alarm.

“I don’t know,” said Dick. “It says, ‘See Father Reardon.’”

“Dear me!” exclaimed Aunt Susan. “But surely Mr. Duffy knows that I am not going across! You are all to be in charge of the purser.”

“Of course he knows it,” Dick said; “he could not make any mistake about that. I suppose he means that I shall take charge of this young person. He perhaps has heard of my noble character in New York. The reputation for talent always drifts to New York ——”

“Stop your nonsense, Dick,” Aunt Susan said; “we must consider this seriously. Perhaps you had better take this telegram to Father Reardon at once.”

“Is it so urgent as that? You people are not



accustomed to telegrams. A man of the world like me takes them easily. Let's feed first."

"Dick, you are vulgar." Elizabeth raised her head high. "I will take this telegram to Father Reardon, if my recreant brother refuses."

"Have common sense, Elizabeth," said Aunt Susan, sharply.

"If we wait a while," Dick said, looking at the streaming rain, "he may drop in. He may have been up-town to-day. It's his day out—Monday, you know."

"If he does we'll make him stay to dinner, and talk it all over."

For the next five minutes the young people wondered what it could all mean. The dinner bell tinkled. They filed into the dining-room, and Aunt Susan was about to say grace when the door-bell rang, and Father Reardon's cheery voice was heard.

"It's only my overcoat that's wet," he said, as Dick ran out to greet him. "I ought not to have come into anybody's house dripping in this way, but I've had a telegram."

"So have we!" said Dick. "And the telegram



thought it had struck an earthquake. Our nerves are upset. My appetite is gone ! ”

“ Impossible ! ”

“ Let me take your coat, Father ;—and there’s a pair of slippers up-stairs in papa’s study that will fit you. Why, your shoes positively squash. You must go up at once ! ”

Father Reardon laughed, and obeyed.

“ Don’t keep dinner waiting, Dick ! ”

“ All right, Father ! ”

Seated at the brightly lit dinner table, Father Reardon was seen to be a very tall man, with a ruddy skin and white hair. His keen blue eyes seemed to hold a perpetual smile, and he brought sunshine wherever he came. When he had occasion to rebuke any of his parishioners, it seemed as if the sunshine were veiled by a cloud.

“ How pleasant it seems here after the darkness and the rain outside ! Ah, my dear children, how happy you are ! I hope you are grateful.”

“ Indeed we are,” said Elizabeth.

“ And,” said Lucy, “ I’ve such nice things to wear, though I burned Amelie’s beautiful jabot to-day. I must tell you all about the fire ——”



“Stop!” said Dick.

“Dick was so brave——”

“We are grateful that we have the blood of the MacCarthys in our veins!”

Father Reardon took this seriously. “You ought to be thankful that you have a good father, Richard, and a kind aunt, and everything around you that can help to make a good man of you. This evening I saw a great contrast to this.” And the good priest sighed. “I had a telegram, as I said. ’Twas from Mr. Duffy, of New York. I went at once to the Brogans, and found out what it all meant.”

“What Brogans, Father?—the family on the hill?” asked Aunt Susan.

“Oh, no,” said Father Reardon; “*they’re* the rich Brogans. It’s the poor Brogans I’m speaking of—Mrs. Brogan and Jimmy.”

It suddenly dawned on Aunt Susan’s mind that Brogan was the name mentioned in the telegram.

“Oh!” exclaimed Elizabeth, “surely we are not expected to take charge of Jimmy Brogan.”

“Why not?” asked the priest. “It will be a kind act—that is, if any act that separates a boy from his mother can be called kind. But if



you'll take him it will relieve some of his mother's heart-break, I'm sure."

"I suppose he'll go in the steerage," said Elizabeth, in a tone of great satisfaction, "and we shall not have much to do with him."

Father Reardon looked at Elizabeth in surprise.

"No ; I don't think so ; his uncle wants him to travel in the most comfortable way—but I'll tell you all about it after dinner. But who is this Amelie you're always talking about ?"

"It's our Cousin Amelie Watson,—don't you know ? She's in France ; but she writes to us every week, and we try to be as good as she wants us to be. She sends an idea for every day in the week, and Dick sends her American jokes in return. Don't you, Dick ?"

"Yes," said Dick. "I want her to keep on loving her native land. I am a true patriot."



## IV

## ELIZABETH AND ST. ELIZABETH

FATHER REARDON, having, according to his custom, refused the dessert—much to the amazement of Lucy, who could not understand how any human being would not eat ice-cream,—began :

“ Well, as I said, I had a telegram from Mr. Duffy, asking me to see the Brogans. I went over there, and found Mrs. Brogan and Jimmy in the greatest distress. ‘ Oh, Father,’ Mrs. Brogan said, with tears in her eyes, ‘ a piece of good fortune has struck us, and we’re the most miserable people on the face of the earth !’ ‘ That happens very frequently, Mrs. Brogan,’ said I ; ‘ when we have what we want, we often find that it brings more sorrow than joy with it.’ ‘ True enough,’ Mrs. Brogan said. ‘ And,’ I remarked—I hope you’ll mind it, too, children,—‘ what we pray for and what God does not grant is generally what we ought not to have.’ ”

Lucy blushed a little. She had been praying



very hard for a new rain-coat although Aunt Susan had told her over and over again that she had better pray for spiritual graces. Lucy had a rain-coat, but it was not of the latest fashionable color, and her conscience reproached her for the moment,—but only for the moment. Lucy always asked for what she wanted.

“It seems that Mrs. Brogan has a letter from the old country, from Jimmy’s uncle, who is rich, asking for Jimmy. This uncle wants to educate him. He has put the funds for Jimmy’s passage in Mr. Duffy’s hands and he wants him at once. And so Mr. Duffy,—good Christian man that he is—thought that you might look after the boy.”

“Why can’t his mother look after him?” asked Aunt Susan, rather nervously. “Of course if I were going it would be different, but ——”

“Oh, I know,” answered the priest; “but Elizabeth is so wise and well conducted, that Jimmy’s mother trusts her entirely; so she has no objection to confiding him to you.”

“Oh, dear!” Elizabeth began; “but I have an objection—I have other duties. If Jimmy Brogan goes, Aunt Susan must go, too. It is nice of Mrs. Brogan to look up to me that way; I must say



that she knows her place. Why cannot this Mrs. Brogan take charge of her own son ? ”

“ Poor Mrs. Brogan cannot go herself. It seems that her husband left some debts, and she is paying them off. Poor woman ! She and Jimmy have not only had to earn their living, but to put aside every cent that was not absolutely necessary to pay off these claims. Jimmy milks the four cows every day, and does all the chores. When he goes she will have to hire a boy ; but she will not leave Thornydale until every cent her husband owed is paid by her exertions.”

“ Will not the uncle help her ? ” asked Aunt Susan.

“ No ; he says very little about her. He wants Jimmy. And she feels that the boy ought, for his own good, to go. But it is like tearing her heart-strings out. He will be ready to start with you.”

“ Bully ! ” said Dick. “ This is great. We’ll practice curves and play shuffleboard on deck. This is bully ! And, Elizabeth, you know that the thought Amelie sent us for to-day was ‘ Help those nearest to you.’ Here’s a chance. It will be great fun.”

“ I do not see why he need be tacked on to us,”



said Elizabeth. "Can't he be put in charge of the purser? I don't see why we should be bothered with him. I think it's a shame, Father Reardon!"

Father Reardon looked bewildered. He could not understand what Elizabeth meant.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I am glad little Jimmy will have his chance. He is industrious, and, please God, he may be a good priest some day. I suppose you'll take him with you? His uncle lives in Dublin."

Aunt Susan was silent. She followed her usual policy. She would hear the young people talk, and then decide.

"But it will be awful, Father Reardon!" said Elizabeth. "We'll have no pleasure at all. Just to think of having that Jimmy Brogan with us all the time!"

"He won't be with you, Liz," broke in Dick hotly. "You'd make a saint lose his patience. Yes, you would."

"Just because I object to having that ragged uncouth boy in our party!"

There was a painful pause. Dick felt ashamed of Elizabeth. Father Reardon said gravely, after a time:



"Is it Elizabeth who talks?—Elizabeth, whose patron and model ought to be the august St. Elizabeth of Hungary! Remember, my dear, that you are speaking of a poor child who has no friends,—who, separated from his mother, on his way to a strange land, will be doubly friendless."

Elizabeth flushed, and forgetting her usual dignity, looked as if she were about to cry.

"But, Father, just think of it!" she said. "The Thorndykes will be on board the steamer. They're such friends of ours! And *so* stylish! What will *they* think when they see Jimmy Brogan, the milk-boy, running after us all the time?"

"The Thorndykes?"

"You know them very well, Father,—why, they're the most important people. They have a beautiful touring car, with mirrors and little stoves in it,—electric, of course. They have *everything*, and they give the most lovely parties. What will Elise think of our milk-boy at the table with us?"

"I don't care what they think!" said Dick. "Jimmy suits me better than Alf Thorndyke. Why, Alf can't send a ball straight to save his life! It wouldn't do, Elizabeth,—we can't be thinking about the Thorndykes all the time."



“Elise Thorndyke is just too refined !”

“Well, if she is, she will not object to Jimmy ; and if she isn’t, she can’t play on my side. That’s all !”

“St. Elizabeth was a princess,” said Father Reardon, gently ; “yet she loved the poor.”

“That was long ago,” said Elizabeth, “and a princess could do as she pleased. I can’t.”

“The blood of the MacCarthys !” said Dick.

“*Noblesse oblige !*” smiled Father Reardon, “which means that if you are truly noble you are obliged to stoop to the poor and weak.”



## V

## ELIZABETH'S STRUGGLES

AUNT SUSAN decided that Jimmy Brogan should be of the party. Elizabeth was silent while Father Reardon remained, but as soon as he had gone she ran up to her room and "burst into tears," very naturally this time, and without any thought of the effect they might produce on anybody.

It was too bad, she said to herself, that she should be mortified in that way before Father Reardon; that this delightful trip should be so spoiled; that Elise Thorndyke—the refined, the aristocratic Elise!—should see her as a kind of guardian to Jimmy Brogan. "It was all very well for St. Elizabeth," she repeated; "she could do as she pleased: she was a princess. If I were a princess I should not mind either. After all, I have a cousin who knows real countesses. If Elise Thorndyke puts on airs, I'll just read some of Amelie's letters to her. Elise hasn't a single



relation who goes into the society of countesses. It is funny that we think so much of Amelie. Even Dick lets her letters influence him. I confess I don't think they tell me anything I did not know before, except about châteaux and countesses. It is too bad there are no real princesses in France now,—Amelie would know them, if there were."

At this point Elizabeth went into a reverie, imagining herself a princess indeed, and going through various thrilling adventures. But, while she fancied herself a princess, she could not imagine herself paying any special attention to Jimmy Brogan. She came to the conclusion that, after all, a princess must be a saint in order to be as self-sacrificing as St. Elizabeth was.

Aunt Susan came up to say good-night.

"Elizabeth," she said, gently, "I was just a little ashamed of you to-night."

Elizabeth pouted. "I don't know why, Aunt."

"My dear," Aunt Susan said, "you must remember that you are not here just to please yourself. You have no right to consider your own convenience when it is a question of doing an unselfish act."



"I hate third-rate people."

"Where is your simplicity, my dear? I have tried so hard to make you love simplicity."

"I like to be with nice people,—people who have pretty clothes and pretty manners. I can't help it."

"That is worldiness."

Elizabeth began to cry.

"But, Aunt, why should our pleasure be spoiled just because our milk-boy wants to go abroad?"

"Did you hear what Father Reardon said about St. Elizabeth, your patroness? Don't you think you ought to imitate her a little more?"

"St. Elizabeth was a princess; she need not have minded what people said."

"You are named after St. Elizabeth because she was a saint, not because she was a princess."

"I don't see why everybody's making such a fuss! If you say so, I suppose Jimmy Brogan must go. But it spoils all our pleasant anticipations of the trip."

"Not at all," Aunt Susan said, rapidly; "no one objects but you. I insist, though, that you be kind to this poor boy. Father Reardon says that he is a model of good conduct—'excellency,'



as Dick calls it in his school jargon. Father Reardon says that the desire of both mother and son to pay off the father's debts is most absorbing. He says that this afternoon, when he went there, he noticed how very poor they were, though everything was scrupulously neat. He says that they live mostly on oatmeal porridge, and that he is sure Jimmy looks on an occasional piece of cake as the height of luxury. Father Reardon told how tears came to his eyes when he saw how much the struggle to be honest costs Jimmy and his mother. They could live very decently if it were not for the hard task of paying off the debt that hangs over them. Father Reardon's description of their poverty was very touching."

Aunt Susan waited a while, fully expecting that her words would make a change in Elizabeth's way of thinking. But the frown on the girl's forehead only deepened.

"You don't understand, Aunt Susan. You talk as if times had not changed. When I hear you and papa talking of the simple ways of long ago, I can see more than ever that they have changed. People hate poverty now. They don't like poor



people about them. They judge us by our clothes and our friends."

"Where did you learn all this?" asked Aunt Susan, much pained. Elizabeth went on:

"I suppose he'll eat with his knife and do all sorts of rude things. Dear me! If we had time to write to papa, I should tell him I would not go."

Aunt Susan said nothing except "good-night." She prayed that God might make Elizabeth prefer Christian duty to her own pride and pleasure.

In the meantime Elizabeth made up her mind to consult Elise Thorndyke about the matter. Elizabeth and Elise had recently become great friends, and Elizabeth felt flattered, because Elise wore more fashionable clothes than any other girl at school; her father had the largest house in the place, she had spent one year in a New York boarding-school and she had an electric car of her own. Elise liked to be flattered, and Elizabeth's open admiration of her was the pleasantest kind of flattery. Her father was so indulgent to her that she cultivated her faults rather than repressed them. It was unfortunate that Elizabeth had become so intimate with her; Aunt Susan thought



so, but she hoped that her niece would soon see for herself how hollow-hearted Elise was. And then there were always dear Amelie's letters, and their influence!

The day after Father Reardon's visit was clear and bright. There was nothing left to be done now. The farewell calls had been made, the trunks were strapped, so Elizabeth could very easily make a visit to Elise as early as she chose. At the same time Dick, armed with a bundle, stole out of the house, bent on a mysterious errand. Elizabeth saw him going out, but so intent was she on her plan that she did not even ask him whither he was going.

Elizabeth found Elise at home. She was lounging on a sofa, with a novel in her hand.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, as she arose and arranged a pink shawl over her shoulders, "I really didn't know who it was. The servant brought no card, you know."

Elizabeth blushed. She had no cards. Perhaps Elise thought she was as common as Jimmy Brogan. She stammered something or other. After a time she forgot her embarrassment in her story.



Elise listened with interest.

"It can't be!" she said. "You really can't associate with such people. Your Aunt Susan is entirely too pious. I tell you what we'll do. We'll go to Mrs. Brogan, and show her how presuming she is to think of such a thing. These vulgar people need to be put down."

Elise ran for her hat and jacket. And, with some unspoken misgivings, Elizabeth started with her for Mrs. Brogan's house.

"I'm glad to get out," said Elise. "I'd take you in my car, but something's gone wrong with a tire. I'm awfully bored at home,—there's nothing to do."

"My Cousin Amelie in France says that in the best families in the country, where she lives, all the young noble ladies learn to make preserves,—compotes, you know."

"No, I don't know," said Elise, "and I don't care. I suppose they're all as poor as church mice, and they have to."



## VI

## MRS. BROGAN

THERE came a time when Elizabeth felt sorry for having taken this walk with Elise Thorndyke; even then she had a qualm of conscience, but, nevertheless, she started off down the street. People who passed said, "How d'ye do, Miss Thorndyke?" and "How do you do, Elizabeth?" Elizabeth wished people would call her "Miss MacCarthy." But she did not notice that when people said "Elizabeth" they smiled, and when they said "Miss Thorndyke" they said it very coldly.

Elise held her head well in the air. She walked with what she considered a stately tread, and Elizabeth did her best to imitate her, though she was not pleased with her rebuff.

"Oh, how regal you look, Elise!" she could not forbear from exclaiming.

"It runs in our family," Elise replied, with an air of great self-satisfaction; "I can't help it." And she strutted with more stiffness than ever.



"It's the latest walk in fashionable society. Helen Worth told me all about it in a letter, so I practice it. It's the Parisian glide,—you don't walk, you simply glide. I think I have caught it ;—it is awfully swell. See! My skirt is so tight, that I must really glide. It is really very easy, if you practice a little."

Elizabeth resolved to acquire this "glide" as soon as she should be alone in her room.

It was a lucky thing for their "feelings" that Dick did not see them just then. However, some small boys did, and they yelled. Elizabeth forgot the new walk. Elise, however, paid no attention to "the shouts of the mob," as Elizabeth phrased it in her mind.

Mrs. Brogan's house stood back from the main street. It was a neat cottage, with a well-kept, grassy space in front of it. At the side was an orchard and behind a vegetable garden. Mrs. Brogan's cows were visible through the trees in the strip of pasture at the other side of the house.

Elise pushed open the gate.

"Oh, dear," said Elizabeth, suddenly, "do not let us go in! I think we had better not."

"Nonsense!" said Elise. "She'll be flattered.



It's not often that people take so much notice of Mrs. Brogan. It will amuse,—and life is so stupid here. Why, nobody has time even for golf."

"No, Elise,—perhaps we may seem to go where we're not wanted."

Elise smiled what Elizabeth considered to be "a haughty smile," but made no reply.

Mrs. Brogan was brightening up some milk-pans—which were already bright enough,—and she continued her work until the young girls reached the gravel walk. Then she smoothed her apron and went to meet them.

"Good-morning!" she said, in a soft, low voice. "Will you come in?" And she opened the door which led into a little sitting-room.

It was a scrupulously neat room. The white curtains at the two windows were made whiter by the blazing red geraniums which stood against them. Elizabeth saw with horror that there was no carpet on the floor. The boards were white—almost as white as the curtains,—and they showed the effect of constant scrubbing. The walls were also white. They were relieved by a fine engraving of the Immaculate Conception by Mu-



rillo, a crucifix, and a photograph of Jimmy's father.

Elizabeth felt that she was an intruder, though the manner of the hostess was very sweet and polite. She wished again that she had not come.

Mrs. Brogan drew forth two stiff cane-seated chairs. The girls sat down.

"Perhaps I'd better call my son," she said; "he is in the next room with a young friend; he knows all about the business. I hope the milk gives satisfaction."

"Sufficiently," said Elise, in her loftiest tone. "I am Miss Thorndyke."

Elizabeth involuntarily looked at Mrs. Brogan, to see what effect this announcement would have on her. It had none, however. The widow sat down on another chair and waited.

"I am Miss Thorndyke," repeated Elise.

Mrs. Brogan looked somewhat surprised, but merely nodded. She was a thin, little woman, with a sweet but care-worn expression. Her manner was simple and straightforward—a great contrast to Elise's elaborate haughtiness.

Elizabeth waited for Mrs. Brogan to show some sign of humility at the mention of Elise's name.



She fancied she heard a giggle in the next room, and, blushing a little, she said :

“I’m Elizabeth MacCarthy, Mrs. Brogan ; and we’ve come—we’ve come ——”

She hesitated, with a feeling that she could never bring herself to explain why they had come. Mrs. Brogan’s face lighted up.

“I am glad to see you, Miss MacCarthy. Your great friend Father Reardon has often spoken of you. It’s very kind of you to offer to take charge of Jimmy.”

Elizabeth felt very uncomfortable. Now was Elise’s opportunity.

“That’s what we came about, Mrs. Brogan. We feel that you are a very nice person, indeed much above your station in life ; and we think you will understand the motives that prompt us to visit you. Your son James—or Jimmy, as he is generally called,—is hardly an associate for Miss MacCarthy and myself ——”

Mrs. Brogan’s face took on a look of perplexity, but she listened intently.

“We think that your son would be much better among persons more,—oh, you know,—more accustomed to his own ways of life. It might not



be altogether agreeable for a new element to be mixed with a different element;—perhaps your son himself ——”

An expression of surprise and doubt crossed Mrs. Brogan’s face. She interrupted Elise :

“I hope Jimmy has not done anything wrong. I am sure he will explain ——”

“Oh, no !” said Elise ; “no doubt, for a person in his class of life, he fulfils every condition ; but, you see, he is not exactly in our set. You know what I mean ? It would be awkward to introduce him to strangers. As I am going to be of the traveling party myself, I should feel the inconvenience very much.”

Mrs. Brogan still looked puzzled. She turned to Elizabeth, after a pause.

“I would not have Jimmy forced on you for the world. I thought your aunt was willing to have him go with you because he was alone, going to the same country, and a Catholic like yourselves.”

“But, you know,” answered Elise, “that everybody isn’t congenial. Jimmy might find himself in the wrong place. If he ate with his knife, and did that sort of thing,—I am not saying there’s



any harm in it, Mrs. Brogan,—oh, no!—but, of course, he wouldn't like to be at the table with people who do not eat with their knives. It would make him so uncomfortable. You must see it yourself."

Elizabeth began to feel ashamed.

"Oh, Mrs. Brogan!" she said, "you must not blame Aunt Susan. We only came because we thought—we thought—we thought, you know, that Jimmy might find it pleasanter in the steerage. Oh, I don't mean that ——"

Elizabeth's faltering gaze suddenly became fixed. She looked as if she had seen a ghost. Out of the back room came Dick, followed by Jimmy Brogan in a new suit of clothes.

"She doesn't know what she means, Mrs. Brogan. And as for that Elise Thorndyke, she's a mean, stuck-up thing!"

"That certainly *is* the language of a gentleman!" retorted Elise, who, to do her justice, never shirked a combat. "Just because I like to associate with nice people, I'm called 'stuck-up.' If I was willing to treat you as an equal, you wouldn't talk that way. Do you know that you are addressing a lady?"



“Well, then, act like a lady,” said Dick, somewhat abashed by this torrent of words. “As for you, Liz, you’ve been brought up well, and I’m ashamed of you!”



## VII

## THE BATTLE

ELIZABETH'S first impulse was to "draw herself up haughtily" and to "curl her lip." But, on second thought, she concluded to let Elise do that. But Elise did not try to do anything so imposing.

"I don't see how you girls can call yourselves Christians and talk the way you do!" exclaimed Dick, with flashing eyes. "I didn't suppose *you* knew better, Elise Thorndyke, but I am astonished at our Elizabeth."

"Oh, Dick!" began Elizabeth. "How can you speak to Elise ——"

"Miss Thorndyke in *this* house, if you please," said Elise, with coldness, buttoning her glove.

"——Miss Thorndyke in that way? Oh! how can you, Dick?"

"Well, I can," said Dick, putting his arm through Jimmy's. "And I'll not call any girl 'Miss' that comes saying nasty things to people.



Of course I am only a boy"—here Dick stopped, to laugh derisively,—“and I can't put on airs. And I wouldn't if I could. Oh, no, I'm nobody!” Dick continued, in answer to an imaginary questioner. “I'm nobody. I don't wear a high hat or carry a cane, like some people's friends, but I am not a sneak, and I will not have Jimmy's mother made to feel bad.”

“Of course, you are only a boy, and you don't know the difference between elegance and vulgarity,” said Elise, in an exasperated voice.

Elizabeth turned around suddenly and said: “You know that's not true, Elise Thorndyke!”

Elise seemed stunned by this onslaught. Elizabeth could not stand by and hear Dick attacked. But Elise recovered herself.

“I'm sure I only called Dick a boy.”

“Well,—well,” Elizabeth began, subdued in her turn, “I ——”

“Oh, you need not take my part, Elizabeth. You had better be sorry for what you have said to Mrs. Brogan. I know I am only a boy; I know there are better boys than I am. Jimmy Brogan is one of them. But if I wanted to be a girl, I wouldn't like to be one like Liz Thorndyke.”



"Come, Elizabeth," said Elise, biting her lip. "Coarse associations have corrupted your brother."

Elizabeth began to cry. "Oh, Elise, believe me, that sort of thing does not run in our family! The MacCarthys were Brehons ever since eleven hundred, and they've always been refined ——"

"Perhaps so," said Elise, with the air of a princess. "Before I go I shall say that I hope a young person sunk so low as to *beg* a suit of clothes from another may refrain from forcing himself on his social superiors."

Jimmy Brogan, during this conversation, remained quite still, his color coming and going, while Mrs. Brogan looked at the girls with an odd, pitying smile.

"Spiteful!" said Dick.

"Children! Dick! Dick!" Mrs. Brogan put her hand on his shoulder.

"I did give Jimmy Brogan that suit of clothes, and it's paid for. Aunt Susan said I might."

"Children," Mrs. Brogan's low voice broke in, "I must ask you not to speak in this way. It is not kind. Jimmy has taken Dick's suit of clothes with my consent. We are poor, as you know;



and though we are not poor enough to take alms, we are rich enough to be able to accept a kindness that comes from a good heart. I am afraid, after what has occurred, that I shall have to find some other way of sending Jimmy to his uncle."

"A very proper resolution," said Elise from the doorway.

"I think that my Jimmy is neither rude nor selfish," said Mrs. Brogan, with a glance at Jimmy, who looked remarkably well in his new suit which had been too tight for Dick. "And I know you would not have had reason to feel ashamed of him. But ——"

"We shall feel ashamed of him!" said Elise, losing her temper. "He's all right in his own class. Mother won't let servants, even the chauffeur, sit in our presence. Why should we be forced to associate with a—milk-boy?"

In spite of himself, Jimmy's eyes filled with tears, and he closed his fists. If Elise Thorndyke were only a boy!

"You're not wanted, dear," said Mrs. Brogan, sadly. "I ought to have known it."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Brogan," said Dick, hotly;



“but Aunt Susan and Lucy and Tom and I want Jimmy to go. We do not want Elise, if it comes to that. We’d rather have Jimmy.”

“I cannot endure this,” said Elise. “Come, Elizabeth. Your brother is an unworthy sign of an unregenerate race.”

With this remarkable speech Elise left, followed by Elizabeth.

Jimmy went up to his mother and kissed her on the cheek.

“I know what you are thinking of, mother,” he said, tenderly. “You are thinking that I feel bad, but I do not. What people say cannot hurt us.”

A tear rolled down Jimmy’s cheek.

“It is a little hard, Jimmy—a little hard to be looked down on.” Dick noticed that Mrs. Brogan looked up at the crucifix on the wall, and then said more cheerfully: “Well, well,—it is all right, if we understand it right.”

“If Jimmy wasn’t a decent chap, I wouldn’t want him; and if he wasn’t a good one, Aunt Susan wouldn’t want him; but he makes good at school as well as any of us. He is an American, and he talks American;—he isn’t an ignoramus.



Oh, I'm so sorry Elizabeth hurt you, Mrs. Brogan."

Dick clenched his fist, and continued :

"Oh, a nice Child of Mary Elise Thorndyke is—a sweet-scented one! Oh, yes! If Father Reardon does not turn her out for forcing our Elizabeth to make such a fool of herself, I'm not Dick MacCarthy. Sometimes I think that Elizabeth has bubbles in her dream box. As for Liz Thorndyke, she has an ivory knob for a head."

"Do not mention it to Father Reardon," said Mrs. Brogan, in alarm. "The girls have done no harm."

"I *will* mention it to Father Reardon," answered Dick, seeing his chance to make a bargain, "unless you promise to let Jimmy go with us."

"I shall see your Aunt Susan," said Mrs. Brogan. "But I must get to my work."

"I'll see her myself first," Dick muttered.

He said good-bye, and ran down the street.



## VIII

## AUNT SUSAN'S DECISION

It must be admitted that Dick's motives in taking Jimmy's part so valiantly, and perhaps so offensively, were not unmixed. He liked Jimmy and he wanted to please Father Reardon. But, above all, he was resolved "to spite Elise Thorn-dyke." This spoiled much that was good in what otherwise would have been an impulse with which we could entirely sympathize.

Elizabeth and Elise walked homeward in silence. Elise had a feeling that she had not come off well in her war of words with Dick. Elizabeth was sure that Elise had been too hard on Dick, though she could not understand how Dick could have so far forgotten himself as to call the elegant Elise by the inelegant name of "Liz."

"And all for Jimmy Brogan!" she broke out suddenly. "I hate that boy!" Then she remembered her compact with the absent Amelie. They had each agreed to never use the word



"hate." For the first time, Elizabeth began to think that Amelie's constant good example and precept were a little tiresome. Jimmy Brogan was certainly a hateful boy, to cause so much mischief. "I suppose I don't mean that I hate him,—but I do dislike his ways."

"Do not let us think of it," said Elise, loftily. "I am above such things—oh, dear, look at those caramels! They are quite fresh, too"—they were passing a shop-window.—"My dear, you are well enough, but you have not the Thorndyke repose of manner."

Elizabeth saw that her friend was offended.

"Do wait till I get some of those vanilla caramels!" she said, propitiatingly.

"Oh, do!" cried Elise, losing all her repose of manner. "I love caramels."

In this way good humor was restored for a time.

"I hope that you have some nice clothes for the steamer," said Elise, after she had testified in silence to the quality of the caramels. "I've a lovely pink silk kimono and a picture hat with roses and plumes."

"No!" said Elizabeth, rather startled by this vision of splendor. "Amelie, who has crossed



several times, told Aunt that we should need only a few simple, warm things, with one nice frock, if I should go to the captain's dinner."

"Amelie!" said Elise, scornfully. "I should think you'd be tired of her."

"Good-bye," said Elizabeth, coldly, leaving the box of caramels with Elise.

Tom and Lucy heard Dick's version of the encounter at Jimmy Brogan's with various feelings. Lucy was sorry for everybody. Tom was more indignant at Elizabeth's conduct than Elise's. It had been well talked over when Elizabeth arrived home. That young lady paused a while at the door to dispose of her last caramel, and then entered the house with what she said to herself was "quiet dignity." She resolved to change this for her manner of "injured innocence" if Aunt Susan said anything.

Tom was a fat little fellow, with ruddy cheeks, very white hair, and a shy manner when he met strangers; but he was likely to become almost too familiar on later acquaintance. Lucy was fat and ruddy, too; her curls were yellow, and she had large blue eyes; one of them had a brown speck in it.



Aunt Susan would be very much annoyed,—that was evident to the youngsters. In the opinion of Lucy and Tom, Elizabeth must have been very naughty indeed. In the first place, Dick had told about it, and Dick never told tales. Yes, the most significant sign of trouble was that Dick had “told.”

Lucy danced out into the hall.

“Aunt Susan’s almost ready to have lunch ; she is waiting for you to make the coffee.”

“I’ll go at once,” Elizabeth said ; and then she added, “Lucy, what are you looking at me that way for ?”

“I’m not looking at you that way,” said Lucy, confusedly dropping her glance.

“Yes, you are.”

At this moment Tom appeared in the hall.

“You are going to catch it, Liz !” he said, sympathizingly.

“Does Aunt Susan know ?” asked Elizabeth, off her guard.

“No, but you’ll catch it when she does know.”

Elizabeth “swept” into the dining-room, encountering Dick.

“Good-morning !” she said elegantly.



"I *think* we've met before," said Dick. "Where was it? Oh, yes. I fawncy I saw you with Miss Thorndyke. Charming young kid,—she is! Tender violet! Sweet Miss Thorndyke!"

"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed Lucy. "You shall not speak that way to Elizabeth. We never had quarrels in the family before. Poor Elizabeth! Dick's naughty!"

"You keep out of this, if you please, Luce," said Dick. "So I am not refined enough for Elise Thorndyke, am I?" he asked. "I wasn't a Brehon in eleven hundred and something, was I?" And then he added, feeling that this was the unkindest cut of all, "I don't believe there ever were any Brehons."

Elizabeth "drew herself up to her full height,"—that is, she stood on the tips of her toes. "I sometimes wonder," she said, solemnly, "that the Banshee of the MacCarthys does not strike you dead."

"Because there is no Banshee," said Dick.

His sister went into the kitchen and made the coffee, not without misgivings as to what Aunt Susan would say. She felt, however, that she could manage her aunt,—for Aunt Susan hated



contention, and she had a habit of giving way rather than oppose her wishes against the turbulent demands of Elizabeth or Dick. And she knew that Dick would soon forget the whole thing; besides, she was the better talker of the two.

Aunt Susan spoiled these children somewhat. She was too kind to them. So far they had felt none of the roughness of life. Elizabeth had been allowed to read too much, and to move about in a kind of dream; and Dick, Lucy, and Tom had, as a rule, managed to get everything they wanted. It was easy for them to be generous, for they had never learned to be just.

After luncheon Aunt Susan talked a while on the need of having everything ready for the journey in the morning. And then the story of Elizabeth's visit came out.

"And did you really do this, Elizabeth?" asked Aunt Susan, leaning back in her chair, with a little frown on her forehead. It always came there when Aunt Susan was annoyed.

"Yes, I did, Aunt."

"And did Elise *dare* to talk that way to poor Mrs. Brogan?"



"Dare?" asked Elizabeth. "I am surprised, Aunt Susan, that you should use that word. Who is Mrs. Brogan? Why, that horrid Jimmy has almost caused a break between Elise Thorndyke and me."

"No great harm done!" said Dick.

"Be quiet, Dick," said his aunt sharply. Dick sat up straight. His aunt seldom spoke in that tone. "Explain this, Elizabeth."

"Elise expressed her opinion plainly. And I am very sure, Aunt, that Elise Thorndyke will not sail in the same vessel with Jimmy Brogan."

Aunt Susan looked at Elizabeth as if she could not credit the testimony of her ears; she only uttered what was her uttermost evidence of displeasure:

"Elizabeth MacCarthy!"

"Elizabeth Scholastica MacCarthy!" echoed Dick.

"Richard," said Aunt Susan, severely, "you were no doubt very impudent to-day to the girls. People who criticize others should be careful to correct their own faults."

Aunt Susan said no more.

Mrs. Brogan went out that afternoon to buy



Jimmy some articles he needed for the voyage. Coming home, she found a note from Aunt Susan :

“DEAR MRS. BROGAN :

We shall start for New York at nine o'clock to-morrow. I shall expect Jimmy to be ready in time. We shall call for him with the carriage. Do not worry about parting from him. It is for his good.

SUSAN LOVEL.”

Mrs. Brogan put her thin, wrinkled hands to her eyes. Tears trickled through them. The thought of letting her boy go was very hard to bear.



## IX

## THEY ARE OFF

THEY started at last. Elise and Bernard Thorndyke had kissed their father good-bye (they were going to their mother in London) and now they sat very stiff and well satisfied with themselves in the parlor car. Elizabeth and Lucy and Dick and Tom were on the back platform, waving good-byes vigorously. Jimmy Brogan, with his little traveling bag beside him, was in a corner of a seat. He was very silent. There was a heavy weight on his heart. He felt an impulse to jump off the platform and to run back to his dear mother, who, he knew, was weeping alone in the station.

Nobody can gauge the inarticulate grief of a boy, except the boy himself. A girl helps her sorrow by crying; she wants to cry. Some girls like to cry; but the boy does not want to cry. And, when a boy is miserable, he cannot say how miserable he is. He must bear his wretchedness in silence; but this helps to make a man of him.



Alone! How heavy that word fell on his heart! And how lonely she was! The thought of her standing there, wrapped in her thin shawl, and trying to keep the tears from the sight of the strangers around her, seemed almost to break his heart. He said to himself that he could *never* smile again,—no, he could never smile again until he should return to that dear mother just as she would have him. He would *learn*. He would please his uncle. He would read *every* book in the world! He would go back to his mother some day, and she would be proud of him, and they would both say that all this sorrow was worth bearing for the good it would bring. And this dream cheered him up. He raised his eyes and met Aunt Susan's comforting glance. He sighed once or twice, and then he began to enjoy the comfort of the parlor car, and the moving panorama that passed the car windows. Every now and then, a pang would seem to run through his heart, and almost break it. And all of a sudden,—he could not tell why,—he had to bow his head, and let the tears trickle through his fingers. How he hated himself for this!

A cry from Lucy and Tom called his attention



to a huge red cow,—six times larger than life, which advertised some kind of malted milk. Jimmy looked up, and forgot his grief, as the strange object passed rapidly from view.

The MacCarthys returned to their seats. And Elise Thorndyke and Bernard began a game of parchesi. Elise had made up her mind to be very exclusive. She was resolved that if the MacCarthys would insist on “dragging Jimmy Brogan with them” they should feel the consequences. Bernard was known at school as “the owl.” He had a way of looking solemn that reminded people of an owl. He was a quiet boy, with good intentions, but between his father and Elise he had been much spoiled. His father was over-indulgent, and Elise had imbued her brother with a very foolish spirit of pride.

Elizabeth felt that she was in disgrace with Elise. She offered that exclusive person a box of candy; but Elise said, “Thank you,” and refused it. Jimmy was attentive to Aunt Susan: he brought her a glass of water, and arranged her bundles comfortably for her; he noticed that the pages of her magazine were uncut, and taking out his penknife, he cut them for her. He was so



polite and so kind that Aunt Susan could not forbear comparing him very favorably with the exclusive Thorndykes.

After a short period of solitary grandeur Elise relented, and proposed that they should all play dominoes. The dominoes were produced, and Jimmy left out of the game. Dick did not notice it. Bernard Thorndyke once, in the excitement of a moment, dared to smile at Jimmy ; but Elise caught his glance, and Bernard looked down in disgrace.

The children gathered to the Thorndyke side of the car. Jimmy was forgotten. He would have liked to join their game ; for play was a novelty to him, and he enjoyed it all the more. He began to be lonely and down-hearted again. Aunt Susan was interested in her books ; the children were lost in their game. Jimmy's mother had often said to him : " When thinking of your own hardships makes you gloomy, turn away from yourself and think of somebody else."

Jimmy went to the ice-water tank to divert his thoughts. As he came down the aisle again—if we can use the word aisle<sup>1</sup> to express a passage-

<sup>1</sup> Aisle means a wing—a passage on the side.



way in the middle of anything,—he saw that an old gentleman with a very red face was looking for something under his seat. An elderly lady near him looked very anxious and perplexed, and the old gentleman evidently felt very much the exertion of bending down and searching for the lost object.

Here was Jimmy's chance.

"Can I be of use?" he asked of the lady.

The old gentleman grunted rather crustily. But the lady said:

"Let this boy look for the tickets, John, since he is so kind."

Jimmy was glad to have something to do. He asked the old lady and gentleman to move from their chairs for a moment. He examined the window sill, and suggested that they might be inside the old gentleman's hat.

"Some folks put them there," said Jimmy.

"*I* never do," said the old gentleman.

"John!" remonstrated his wife.

"Never!" said the old gentleman. "Never!"

The old gentleman wiped his flushed face, and permitted Jimmy to crawl around under the various chairs in search of his missing tickets. It



was evidently a great relief to him to be saved the necessity of stooping. He wiped his face with his handkerchief and watched the kind-hearted boy with interest.

“Well, Sarah,” the old gentleman said, “the tickets are gone, and no mistake. We’ll have to pay our fare again.”

Jimmy searched carefully. But the tickets could not be found. The old gentleman fussed and fumed, and blamed everybody, until his wife was almost in tears.

Jimmy thought that even the loss of the five dollar gold piece Father Reardon had given him would not cause him to be so disagreeable. And this five dollar gold piece was very precious to Jimmy. Father Reardon’s five dollar gold pieces were not plentiful.

Every place seemed to have been searched for the missing pasteboards. Jimmy had worked like a Grecian building the wooden horse before the walls of Troy. He was tired but cheerful.

“You have more perseverance than any boy I ever met,” observed the lady, gratefully.

The old gentleman’s pockets had been turned



inside out—everything had been done. Suddenly Tom, who had joined them, said :

“ Why don’t you pray to St. Antony ? ”

“ St. Antony ?—who’s St. Antony ? ” demanded the old gentleman, gruffly.

“ St. Antony of Padua, of course,” returned Tom. “ I thought everybody knew him.”

The lady smiled. “ Suppose you pray to St. Antony ? ” she said.

“ Well, I will,” said Tom.

And the old gentleman, who was very courteous in spite of his bad temper, took off his hat. Jimmy’s quick eyes caught sight of something between the inside band of the old gentleman’s very respectable silk hat.

“ Allow me, sir,” Jimmy said—and pulled out the missing tickets.

“ I knew St. Antony would hear me,” Tom said, gravely.

Until they reached New York Jimmy and Tom sat with these kind people, and were treated to every imaginable delicacy that could be carried in a large bag.



## X

## NEW YORK AT LAST!

THE young people were very sleepy when they entered the station. But the glitter of the city made them wide awake. A few steps into the street, and suddenly a flaming meteor seemed to flash over their heads.

"Oh, look!" Dick cried. And even the exclusive Miss Thorndyke seemed amazed.

It was an elevated railroad car. Elise, to make up for her display of astonishment, turned and rebuked Bernard.

"Everybody sees *you're* from the country," she said. "Don't seem so surprised at everything."

"I'm not surprised," retorted Bernard. "It's *you!*"

"Why should I be surprised?" demanded Elise, conscious that Jimmy Brogan was near her. "I was here once before."

"But that was when you were a baby, and father and mother came this way ——"



Elise gave him "one of her looks," and froze the words on his lips. Dick laughed, and remarked :

"I say, Elise, there's no use putting on airs in this crowd."

Elise raised her head in the air, and stepped into the taxi-cab with what Elizabeth would have called "a haughty stride."

At the hotel Aunt Susan disposed of her charges comfortably, and sleep was not long in making them forget the rumbling and rolling of vehicles without, which strange sounds kept poor Aunt Susan awake and restless all night.

The next day Aunt Susan found a little note for Jimmy from Mr. and Mrs. Drew, thanking him for his kindness to them, and enclosing a little volume of "The Following of Christ." For the first time Jimmy learned the names of the old gentleman and his wife whose tickets he had found in the car.

Aunt Susan became very nervous. The *Oceanic*—their steamer—was to start at two o'clock. Poor Aunt Susan was ready at eleven. Their friend in New York had taken the young people out to see the city, and Aunt Susan, with her cloak and bonnet on, waited in the deepest anxiety



for their return. When they did come back she made them bolt their lunch, and then, in spite of all remonstrances, tried to hurry them down to the pier. Nevertheless, the things she remembered and the things she forgot took up a great deal of time, and they were delayed by these for another hour at least.

Aunt Susan was in such a flutter that she forgot all the precious bundles she had gathered together.

"Where *did* I leave the lemons?" she exclaimed. "If Lucy should be seasick what *could* you do without lemons?"

The lemons, however, did not turn up. Aunt Susan was inconsolable until somebody suggested that lemons might be had on board the *Oceanic*.

The pier was crowded with porters carrying baggage, florists' boys with baskets of flowers and bouquets; fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters,—all taking leave of people about to depart. Above the clamor sounded the notes of a brass band stationed on a tugboat, which had been hired by some New Yorkers to escort a celebrity down the bay. This music quite extinguished any symp-



toms of homesickness the young people were beginning to feel. Jimmy Brogan's sadness was returning, but the gay scene around him made him forget it for a moment. Then the band of the *Oceanic* struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and everybody stood up. Dick felt a thrill run through him, as the music made him feel that he, too, was an American, and that he was so proud of it,—one with the hundreds around him who would die for that flag. As they went up the gangplank, the band played "Dixie" and everybody clapped.

At last they were on board.

The decks were crowded. Aunt Susan went below with Elise, Elizabeth, and Lucy, to look at their berths. Elise flatly declared that she would not sleep in such a little place. Why, it was no better than a board put up against the wall! Besides, the sea might run in through the port-hole and drown her! The stewardess had to be sent for, and Elise insisted on stating her objections to her. Couldn't she have a larger bedroom? she demanded. The stewardess smiled, and said it was one of the best berths on board. Elise was left alone, lamenting.



Aunt Susan suddenly remembered that she had bought no steamer-chairs. Steamer-chairs are a necessity, she knew. She saw some for sale on the pier, and Jimmy volunteered to go down and get them for her. She hastily counted her flock and gave him some money. It never occurred to her that the deck steward would have let her have a dozen, hired at the usual price, if she wanted them.

"Do not forget to buy one for yourself," she said.

Jimmy blushed. "I don't think I can afford it," he answered.

"Oh, you must buy one!" cried Aunt Susan. "You must buy it for me, and keep it until I want it."

Jimmy, however, observed that there were piles of chairs on the deck, and he made a bargain with the steward for rented chairs, which enabled him to return the greater part of Aunt Susan's money. This gave her a high opinion of his business capacity.

Aunt Susan was hurried away by Mr. Duffy. She went weeping. The girls wept too. Dick pretended to be looking far away towards Coney



Island, and Jimmy choked when Aunt Susan kissed him good-bye with the rest.

Slowly the *Oceanic* parted from the crowded pier. The band played "Home, Sweet Home!" and our young friends suddenly realized that they were really going away. The purser, Mr. Richards, stepped up to them and promised to see that they were made comfortable. Elizabeth could hardly thank him. There was a great lump in her throat.

Down the great bay they glided. The panorama on each side of them was lovely. The magnificent city moved farther and farther from them. The wooded banks, the forts, the strips of sand, the summer resorts by the sea, slipped past. At dusk glittering lights were all they saw on the wide expanse of dim water. Then even Dick felt lonely. He would have given a great deal to be back at Thornydale.

The dining-room with its glitter helped to raise their spirits. Tom was surprised to find himself seated near some people he knew. A lady tapped him on the arm. He turned: it was Mrs. Drew. She smiled at him and said:

"Oh, I am glad to see you!" I had no idea we



should sail on the same vessel. Are you not afraid of the sea? And here's the other nice boy!" she said,—Jimmy was on the other side of Tom. "Aren't *you* afraid of the sea?"

"No," said Jimmy. "Why should I be? There is not much danger now, is there?"

"There does not seem to be. The spring has opened, and I think that there have not been many icebergs on the track of our steamers so far this year. It is a very pleasant time to cross the great pond. But," she added with a smile, "a boy that has such strong faith in St. Antony must have stronger faith in God."

"I have, ma'am," answered Jimmy. "My mother has always said that we are as safe on sea as on land, if we are in the grace of God."

Mrs. Drew sighed a little. During the pause a voice was heard saying:

"It's all very well to talk of a good time for crossing the ocean, but we forget the raft."

It was old Mr. Drew who spoke.

"If we should happen to strike some of the floating logs ——"

Half a dozen voices demanded an explanation. And he proceeded to give it, beginning:



"I assure you that we shall be in great danger for some days to come ——"

There was a crash, and all except the captain started to their feet.

The captain, who sat at the head of the table, frowned. He did not like this talk about danger at the dinner table. It made people nervous, and nervous people were the bane of his life.

"Are we going down? Are we going down?" demanded Mrs. Drew. But her husband's voice reassured her, although his accents were not particularly pleasant. He spoke from the floor. The waiters ran to pick him up, and while they were about it they also picked the pieces of a goblet which Mr. Drew had held in his hand. Old Mr. Drew was in a bad humor, and his fall did not soften it. He took his seat at the table, and after a time confessed that he was looking for lemons when he fell.

The captain lost patience at this, and broke out, impatiently:

"I do not see why people should always insist on looking for things that are before their eyes. If you observe the pyramid of fruit in the centre of the table you will see half a dozen lemons.



You may be sure you will always find everything that is necessary on a well-appointed steamer."

Mr. Drew grumbled out that he did not see any lemons, and relapsed into silence.

The captain eyed him very stiffly.

"What did he mean by the raft?" the lady on the right of the captain asked, quietly.

"Somebody sent a huge raft,—valued at five hundred thousand dollars, from some port in New England to Norfolk,—at least, the raft, made of logs, cut in the Maine and Canadian woods,—started for Norfolk. There was an accident in a fearful storm, and the raft is afloat somewhere. It was a terrible loss,—but well insured. The lumber is supposed to be floating somewhere in the Atlantic."

"Is that all?" said the lady.

When dinner was over the children went on deck. It was a moonlight night, calm, serene. The crescent, slender and silver—as we see it in Murillo's famous picture of the Immaculate Conception,—sent a soft light through the air, which was slightly hazy.

Dick was curious about the raft. He waited until he saw Mr. Drew carefully wrapped in his



shawls and deposited in his chair on deck before he ventured to approach the old gentleman.

"I wish you would tell me something about that raft."

"Don't know anything about it," said Mr. Drew, shortly.

"I thought you said ——"

"I don't know anything about it, I tell you. I wish I did. It's somewhere on the ocean. We'll probably meet it, and then—well, we'll know it *then*," he added, grimly.

Dick began to feel cold chills creeping down his back. What could the old gentleman mean?

Jimmy and Bernard came over to Mr. Drew's chair. The sight of Jimmy seemed to put him in a good humor.

"There's a boy that doesn't ask questions, so I'll tell him about the raft. Sit down here," he said, pushing his footstool forward. Jimmy took it. "The raft is mine. It consists of over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber, which I had welded together, and which was to be towed to Norfolk. But, through some mischance, the vessel to which it was attached lost it in a storm. The raft is made up of huge logs. If it separates



and even one of those logs strikes our steamer, it will knock a hole through her. As it will probably occur at night, we'll all go down."

Bernard Thorndyke turned pale. But a glance at the calm, sparkling sea made him feel courageous. Surely nothing dreadful could happen on such a night!

Mr. Drew added, with an air of satisfaction, that he had been saved from a great loss by his prudence in heavily insuring the raft.

"It's a loss to me," continued Mr. Drew; "and I am going to Liverpool to see if I cannot hire some cruisers to look for it. I have already offered a handsome reward. The worst of it is, this is not the first raft I've lost. A bigger and more valuable one served me the same trick three years ago. The most curious thing about it is that it has never broken to pieces—or, at least, the pieces have never been sighted by any passing vessels. But, I tell you, boys, if we strike either of those rafts we're gone!"

Bernard shuddered. Dick began to calculate what amount he would deserve if he succeeded in finding the raft some time, and in towing it to shore. Jimmy thought, suppose he should never see his mother again!



## XI

## ANOTHER TELEGRAM

MR. DREW managed to make the young people very nervous about the rafts, and he was talking about the danger that would beset every vessel crossing their path when Mr. Richards, the purser, came up and gave Jimmy a yellow envelope.

"I am sorry that I could not give this to you sooner," the purser said; "but it was laid on my desk just as the steamer was about to start, and, in the confusion, I did not notice it until a few minutes ago."

Jimmy thanked him, and said it did not matter. It was a telegram. A parting word from his mother, perhaps! He did not open it; he said to himself that he would wait until he should be alone.

Mr. Drew went on about the rafts: "I'd give twenty-five thousand dollars out of my own pocket this minute if either of those rafts could be towed to shore. I would indeed!"



"I fancy the steamship companies would give almost more," said the purser. "The thought that he might run into the rafts any night has made many a captain anxious all the way from Liverpool to New York."

"I wish I could find one of those rafts!" cried Dick. "I'd be rich and have a pony and everything I want."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said old Mr. Drew, sharply. "You're not likely to get rich in that way. What would you do if you were to sight one of my rafts first and claim and receive the reward, Jimmy?"

"What wouldn't he do?" put in Dick.

Jimmy said: "I can't tell you." But in his mind he saw himself paying off his father's debts; he saw his mother on a winter afternoon knitting quietly in her chair, instead of cleaning the milk-pans with frozen fingers; he saw himself reading to her, and raising his head every now and then to look at her pleased face. Oh, what happiness!

But the vision faded. He reflected that, after all, in a few years he would return to her, learned and capable of helping her. How fortunate he was to have an uncle who would give him this



chance! Hitherto all his thoughts had been gloomy, for they had been thoughts of parting. Now he began to think of hope—of his return, of the results of the chances his uncle would give him.

Mr. Drew ceased to talk. Bernard yawned and went down to his berth. Dick and Jimmy wandered into a brighter part of the deck. Jimmy tore open the envelope; he felt that he need have no secrets from Dick. The telegram had come to New York by cable from London. It ran:

“JAMES BROGAN,  
Steamship *Oceanic*, New York.  
Your uncle, Colonel J. Brogan, died yesterday. Do not come.  
C. VINCENT & Co., Attorneys.”

Jimmy was stunned. His castle in the air fell to pieces, and the horror of his position burst upon him. He was speeding towards England. There was no friend to meet him there. He had no money. How could he get back again to his mother? And when he had reached her, how sad it would be to have to tell her that her dreams



were useless,—that there would be nothing for her henceforth but hard work, and no school, no study for him !

“ Oh, Dick ! ” was all he could say. No tears came to his eyes. He looked out towards the moonlit sea and saw no hope.

“ It’s too bad ! ” cried Dick, reading the telegram. “ What a stupid man ! Why did he die just now ? Some people —— ”

“ He couldn’t help it, Dick ; you know that I wish I had received this telegram before we left New York. ”

“ There’s no use in wishing. How are you going to get back ? ”

“ I don’t know, ” he said. “ But I can work. They must want somebody to do something on this boat. I can peel potatoes ; I can wash dishes ; yes, I can be a stoker. ”

“ That’s all right, ” said Dick, “ but how much money will you need ? ”

“ I don’t know. ”

Dick said nothing. He left his friend leaning sadly against the bulwark, and made his way down to the ladies’ saloon, where the girls and Tom were. He very impolitely interrupted Elise



Thorndyke in her long story of some fashionable event, and told Jimmy's story.

"Now, girls," he said, "I move that we make up a purse to send him back. Aunt Susan gave me ten dollars, Elizabeth has as much for spending money ; Lucy has five, and Tom has five."

"You can have mine !" cried Lucy.

"And mine !" said Tom.

"I don't see why you should encourage this young pauper to depend on people in this way," said Elise. "I hope Elizabeth will not be so foolish with her money."

"You hope she'll buy caramels and chewing-gum for you, don't you ?" cried Dick.

"I never use chewing-gum," returned Elise, in "freezing accents." "Your language is as insulting as one might expect from a confidant of low persons."

"Oh, hear her !" said Dick. "She's been reading dime novels. I say, Elizabeth, come help the poor fellow out. Put in your ten dollars."

"If she does she ceases to be my friend," continued Elise.

"Oh, do not say that !" exclaimed Elizabeth,



clasping her hands. "Dick, you cannot ask me to make such a sacrifice!"

"More dime novels!" said Dick. "I'll tell Aunt Susan. I never heard of such heartlessness."

"Come, Elizabeth. Your brother's rudeness quite frightens me." And Elise and Elizabeth, their heads high in the air, "sailed" out of the saloon.

Lucy, Tom, and Dick went up on deck—Dick in a state of indignation. It was shameful that his own sister should be so influenced by a girl like Elise, he said to himself. He and Lucy and Tom had a little conference, during which certain notes and silver pieces exchanged hands.

Jimmy still stood near the bulwark. The moonlit sea, which a short time before had made him feel glad at heart, now seemed to threaten him. He bowed his head between his hands. Mr. Drew passed on his way to his berth.

"Halloo, Jimmy!" he said, laughing. "Are you praying to St. Antony to bring my rafts safe into your hands?"

Jimmy tried to smile. But he took Mr. Drew's hint, and prayed with all his might that the



potent St. Antony might show him a way out of the darkness which, he thought, was almost too thick even for St. Antony to brighten. He prayed, nevertheless, with all his heart.

Suddenly a soft little hand clasped his and a small roll was thrust into it. He turned. There was Lucy, her face very sweet and anxious, standing before him. She seemed half inclined to run away as he turned.

"You are to keep that, Jimmy," she whispered. "Dick says you need it. It's not much, but it's all we have."

A lump rose in Jimmy's throat. "I can't—I can't! Tell Dick I'll work my way back."

Lucy, like a little fawn, disappeared.



## XII

## LOST

THREE days passed. Jimmy told his story to the purser. Mr. Drew heard it, and promised to see that Jimmy should be sent back to his mother. In the meantime Elise and Elizabeth and Bernard walked up and down the deck, giggling and "telling secrets," as Lucy put it. Elise once asked Dick how his "friend" was, and whether all his "friends" begged for money or not.

"He gave it back!" cried Dick; "and I shall always stand by him. I wish I were as good as he is."

"Oh, you're birds of a feather!" retorted Elise. "And that's not saying much to your credit."

Dick avoided Elise after that. "If I let that girl make me angry any more times, I'll have an awful lot of sins to confess when I get to Liverpool."

Elise enjoyed herself. She created a world of her own, in which she was a reigning



princess, and Elizabeth a humble satellite. Elizabeth was soon reduced to this position, though she revolted once or twice. Lucy was the pet of everybody on board, and Tom found some congenial friends of his own age.

“I’ll keep away from Elise,” Dick declared.

Jimmy approved of his resolution to keep out of temptation. And so the Thornydale young people divided themselves into two parties. Elizabeth and Elise read novels, and occasionally told Bernard how charming and aristocratic they were compared to the other people on board the *Oceanic*. Bernard found it dull; but he was afraid of Elise, who informed everybody that the “Brogan boy” was not really of their party.

At the end of three days everybody on board, except Mr. Drew, had almost forgotten the danger of the floating logs. The steamer rushed through the parting waves night and day. The trip would be one of the fastest on record if the speed was kept up. Mr. Drew spent his time waiting for seasickness, and eating lemons to prevent it. None of our young people was seasick; Elizabeth had a qualm or two, but she concealed them bravely.



On the fourth night of the voyage a storm arose. It did not last long, however. It was a mere hatful of wind. At dinner on the fifth day a shock was felt from stem to stern of the *Oceanic*. The captain said nothing when a word was whispered in his ear by a messenger from the deck; nobody thought much about it, so cool was his manner. The speed of the steamer slackened; it became evident that something was the matter. But, as there was to be a concert in the saloon, and the captain seemed much interested in it, there was no commotion among the passengers.

The next day dawned on a quiet sea. After breakfast the captain asked the gentlemen to get together their valuables, and to prepare to take to the boats.

"There is a leak," he said, "which we cannot stop. One of my crew who was aboard the *Oregon*, which went down outside of New York, says that he cannot account for the blow the *Oceanic* has received—for she has evidently received a blow. The hole in the side of our steamer is similar to that which was found in the *Oregon*." The captain added that there was plenty of time; there need be no hurry. And the passengers went



away (after asking many questions) to make their preparations.

In a short time everybody on board knew what had happened. The captain, with wise forethought, told the passengers just how far they were from land. He calculated that in five hours they would strike a point from which an ocean steamer could easily be sighted. He expressed the deepest regret at having to abandon his magnificent ship, but set an example of hopeful resignation which greatly helped the passengers.

The boats were manned in the most orderly manner. Mr. and Mrs. Drew insisted that Jimmy should go with them. But, the latter, catching Dick's beseeching glance, cast his lot with the young people from Thornydale. Elise was not at all pleased at this, and she showed her feeling very plainly. Jimmy did not mind that. He felt that his strong, well-trained muscles might be of use. And he was right. Some of the ladies wept and exclaimed, but they were assured that it was possible that their trunks would be saved if a steamer should pass that way. The captain promised that he would leave a boat's crew on the lookout. Each boat was well provisioned, and after a



luncheon, at which everybody tried to be as merry as possible, the boats were filled. The steamer during this time was settling deeper into the water. The word was given, and the boats went off in regular order.

The sun shone brightly from a clear sky. The deck of the *Oceanic* was clean and neat, and the flag still waved. But, graceful and beautiful as she was, the hand of destruction had touched her. Jimmy had seen somewhere the picture of a dying elephant in an African forest, deserted by the herd. He thought of it now. Farther and farther the swift oars bore them from their ocean home. The girls began to cry, and little Lucy crept close to Dick.

"I am afraid ! I am afraid !" she said.

"Never mind," Dick whispered ; "we are all together, and God is with us."

The young people, the purser, and four sailors were in the life-boat. There was plenty of room in each boat, for the *Oceanic* had been well provided with all kinds of appliances, and there were comparatively few passengers.

The young people soon lost their sadness, as the stately and lonely *Oceanic* grew to be a speck in



the distance. The brisk motion and the fresh salt air revived their spirits. They sang and told stories until the twilight fell, and with the twilight came the warnings of a storm. Still, the word was passed that in another hour land would be in sight.

Darkness fell. The waves dashed higher and higher against the boat. The other boats could not be seen. Their lanterns, so visible a few moments before, were lost in the darkness. Jimmy was the first to realize that they were lost in the unknown sea.



## XIII

## THE RISING OF THE MOON

DARKNESS was around them. All eyes were strained for a glimpse of the lights of the other boats. Mr. Richards, the purser, took out his whistle and blew long and loud. Nothing but the roar of the waves answered. Again he blew a shrill blast. No human response came back. Then he asked all in the boat to shout as loud as they could, and they obeyed. But the roar of the waves had now become so loud that no sound could be heard above it.

Nobody spoke. A load fell on their hearts. Elise began to cry and to complain. "Oh, why had she come into this boat? Why had she not stayed with the captain? It was Elizabeth's fault! If she had followed her own ideas she would have gone with the others." Mr. Richards was at last obliged to tell her to keep quiet; he asked the girls to cover themselves entirely with



the tarpaulin. The sea was growing more and more turbulent. To the children it seemed as if the waves were running mountain high. Elizabeth felt that her life-preserver would be no help if she were suddenly to be thrown into the roaring, dashing sea. Looking out from under the tarpaulin, the children seemed to see the dark space full of fierce animals, with white manes, fighting for their prey.

Mr. Richards served some biscuits and jam and preserved beef, with cold coffee, for supper. The young people were hungry. The crew continued to row, but they made little headway, and it required all Mr. Richards' strength to manage the rudder.

The heavy tarpaulin kept the girls from being drenched. The boys had their overcoats, and, in consequence, they did not suffer so much from the cold. The evening wore on; night came, and the storm began to abate.

It was hard to keep light-hearted and cheerful under such circumstances. Jimmy and Dick took their turn at the oars, which relieved the sailors a little.

The rain lessened; the wind grew less shrill; the



waves ceased to toss their snowy crests at the boat. The purser served some additional refreshments to the crew. But they all felt that, unless they should soon see land, there was an unendurable night before them.

Dick could not believe it possible that in the twinkling of an eye, a splendid steamer, like the *Oceanic*, could have been disabled,—perhaps lost. He had heard of the loss of the *Oregon*; but what he only read about seemed far off. Life on the *Oceanic* seemed as secure and sheltered as at Thornydale;—but now, the black sky seemed to threaten him.

“I wish we could do something to cheer these poor fellows up,” the purser said to Jimmy Brogan. “A fiddle would be a good thing; but I don’t think Ole Bull himself could handle a bow in this sea.”

“I can sing a little,” said Jimmy. “And Dick here has his mouth-organ with him, I know, because he always carries it in his pocket.”

“If you start something cheerful, boys, the crew will join in. They are very down-hearted, poor fellows! We must keep up their spirits—or



they will be wanting to pour spirits down,—the worst way that was ever invented of making a man cheerful.”

Dick, whose heart had been like lead, revived somewhat at the thought of his mouth-organ. He drew the precious instrument from the inside pocket of his waistcoat and began to play “Nancy Lee.” Jimmy joined him, and the men gave a rattling chorus. The oars went faster than before, and, in spite of the gloom and cold, all hearts grew warmer.

Even Elise, whose face had been buried in her hands under the tarpaulin, said :

“Dear me, I wish I had my music! I’d like to show them what singing is. I don’t believe they ever heard the Ricci Waltz, with all the trills. Oh, shall we ever see land again!”

“Nancy Lee” was good enough for the sailors. They made the boys repeat it. And then they started a sea-song of their own—something about “blowing a man down,” which nobody understood but themselves. The night wore on. The storm passed, and just as the moon rose from behind a mass of clouds which were like hills, Jimmy’s clear treble voice sang out :



“ Lord of the Sea, when all is gloom,  
And high the waves around us roll,  
We know thy light will some time loom,  
And that our grief thou wilt console,  
We know thy light is only hid  
Behind the lowering banks of clouds,  
And at a time—when thou shalt bid—  
Light shall shine through gloom’s trail-  
ing shrouds.

“ Star of the Sea, our thanks to thee,  
O Mother of the Deity !  
For thou dost see thy children’s plight,  
And help them through the darksome  
night.  
Star of the Sea, we ask of thee,  
To pray unto the Deity ! ”

And the sailors, knowing it was a hymn, joined in the chorus, which Jimmy repeated. And so the moon rose slowly over the silver sea, and through the silence, broken only by the short, chopping sound of the oars in the rowlocks, the words rose sweetly and solemnly :

“ Star of the Sea, our thanks to thee,  
O Mother of the Deity ! ”

Up came the moon again. Her shield of silver seemed to float at the entrance of a luminous cave, and the white clouds below this shield were tinged with pale pink and faint blue.

All eyes saw it, and all hearts felt consoled.



## XIV

## THE SETTING OF THE SUN

THE day broke at last. The first streak of dawn in the east showed them the vast sea in slow and measured motion. A faint streak of pink and then a deep bar of red appeared. And the young people, seeing the outburst of splendor that followed it, were awestruck. It was not bright or cheerful as on land. No shrill crowing from neighbors' barns announced the opening of a new day. There was no twittering of birds, no sound of footsteps hastening by, there was no cheerful voice. There was silence. It was a solemn sight.

Mr. Richards was provided with an alcohol lamp and plenty of matches. He made the stern of the boat into a kitchen for a moment and served some good hot coffee. Luckily the weather was not cold, and, after his passengers and crew had drunk the coffee, the sun shot down a shower of golden arrows, and the young people began to revive.



Dick, who had his hand over the side of the boat, suddenly pulled it up.

“Look,” he whispered to Jimmy; “does this mean anything?”

Jimmy looked and saw in Dick’s hand a tomato plant with little green buttons on it.

Jimmy’s eyes sparkled. “It must mean land! Don’t you remember how Columbus saw green things in the ocean when his crew were almost in despair?”

Dick said nothing, but put his hand into the sea again. Jimmy followed his example on his side of the boat. He was rewarded by having his hand struck by a large piece of bark. He passed it to Mr. Richards. The purser examined it. His face flushed, but he controlled the exclamation that rose to his lips.

“Don’t be too hopeful, boys. There’s no land yet in sight.”

Mr. Richards and one of the sailors were rowing. Dick and Jimmy had just had their turn while two of the crew ate their breakfast, which consisted of dried beef, bread, and coffee,—all of much better quality than sailors usually get. Dick and Jimmy strained their eyes in the direc-



tion of the western horizon. Elise Thorndyke, who had brought a paper-covered novel in her pocket, had forgotten real woes in the fictitious grief of some heroine or other.

Elizabeth had no such resource. She was engaged in the more salutary process of examining her conscience. How often she had been disobedient to Aunt Susan! How unkind she had been to Jimmy Brogan! How careless of other people's comfort! And now she was punished. She should never see her dear aunt again; never see her father, to whom she had written so seldom. Elizabeth was very wretched. If it had not been for the little red rosary she held in her hands she would have been entirely without comfort. Lucy was sound asleep, and Tom was listening eagerly to one of the sailor's yarns about his adventures as a cabin-boy in the Mediterranean.

Jimmy and Dick could hardly suppress their excitement. Did the tomato plant mean anything? Was it really a tomato plant, or only some marine plant of similar appearance? Dick wished that he had studied botany at school; in that case he might now be able to decide without doubt whether the floating plant meant land or



not. Jimmy could make nothing of the piece of bark, nor could Dick. Although they had lived in the country all their lives, they could not say whether it was oak, sycamore, chestnut, locust, or beech. Dick began to understand that eyes mean a great deal, and that no eyes mean very little. He said to Jimmy that, if he ever touched land again, he would notice closely the little things around him. Jimmy had been more observant than Dick, but he too felt how little he had used his eyes.

The day wore on. The boat happily had an awning, and at noonday it gave our boat-load much relief; for the sun beat fiercely on the glittering surface of the sea. Mr. Richards feverishly watched the western horizon. As yet no sign of land appeared.

Mr. Richards was more careful of the water and the food. Elise complained that it was very inconsiderate to start out in a boat without ice.

“You’ll be wanting grape fruit next!” said Dick.

“That’s what I do want,” replied Elise. “My people will be much displeased when they hear what has happened.”

“Poor child!” thought Mr. Richards; but he said aloud,—“We’re very well off.”



Jimmy and Dick had managed to pick up various bits of wood, and they had seen a dead pigeon borne past them. A large white bird swept by and was lost in the distance ahead. It was an albatross—a magnificent sea-bird,—the bird which is the centre of Coleridge's weird poem, "The Ancient Mariner."

In about an hour after they had seen it they came up to it. This time it was asleep on the heaving waters. It gracefully rose and fell as the sea swelled and subsided. Its huge white wings were slightly spread; its head was half buried in one of them; and its downy back was tinged pink by the red glow of the sun, which by this time was declining. It made an exquisite picture—so graceful, so soft, so faintly tinted with color, and so safe in the treacherous water. And then Mr. Richards, losing for a moment his anxious look, recited in a low voice the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," showing how the sailor had suffered for killing one of those birds:

"Oh, sleep! It is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole.  
To Mary, Queen, the praise be given;  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul!"



Just as he had reached this line, and even the sailors were listening attentively, he paused suddenly, a strange look coming into his face.

Jimmy followed his glance. The west was resplendent. The sun, full and round, seemed to be upheld above a gorgeous figure attired in purple, gold, amber, and roseate color, flecked by pale green and opal.

“It is like a priest giving Benediction!” cried Lucy. And so it was.

But Mr. Richards was not looking at the sunset. Relieved against a luminous cloud on the very brink of the ocean were strange outlines. He pointed to them. His overstrained nerves gave way; he buried his face in his hands.

Dick and Jimmy looked at Mr. Richards in astonishment. Now they knew that there had been real danger!

They were in sight of land.



## XV

## AMONG THE BREAKERS

THE sun went down. The sea was smooth. The young people strained their eyes towards the west until the twilight enveloped the sea. Every minute seemed an hour. The sailors bent to their oars. On sped the boat through the gathering darkness. The moon arose. And, after about three hours of silence, hope, fear, and suspense, they entered the white-capped breakers which showed that they were near the land. Mr. Richards, having carefully taken observations with his glass, had announced that they were nearing an island. The foam-capped waves stretched in a semicircle as far as the eye could see in the moonlight.

The roar of the breakers sounded louder and louder. They fell one upon the other, filling the air with spray, for what seemed the space of a mile. This evidently gave Mr. Richards some anxiety; he consulted with the sailors in a low tone.



Nobody wore a life-preserver except Elizabeth; she had refused to be separated from hers.

Mr. Richards looked at her, and said gaily:

“You evidently knew what was going to happen!”

Elizabeth felt very proud, though she did not know what he meant.

The young people said very little. They could only watch the stretch of high banks which was revealed now and then as the breakers occasionally subsided. The sailors, as the boat approached the first of the circle of foam-plumed waves, lay on their oars for a moment, in obedience to an order from Mr. Richards, who also told Dick and Jimmy to draw the tarpaulin carefully over their party.

Dick objected. “We don’t mind a wetting, sir,” he said.

“You may have to go through more than a wetting, my boys, so you’d better get under cover.”

As he said this he drew from under the stern seat several life-preservers, and showed the young people how to put them on. Elise began to cry as soon as she saw them. She declared that “she knew she’d be drowned,—she was sure that they’d



never touch land again." Elizabeth began to weep, too ; and Bernard wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand. Dick, looking at the towering breakers, also lost courage, but said nothing. Jimmy busied himself in fastening life-preservers under Tom's and Lucy's arms. Lucy was so much amused by her appearance in a life-preserver that she laughed out loud. Tom followed suit, and Jimmy took care to say all the funny things he could think of, though his heart was not very light.

The amusement of Tom and Lucy did not last long. The boat entered the breakers. The waves beat heavily against it, giving quick shocks, which made it tremble from stem to stern. One moment it was raised high in the air, in another it was dropped heavily as from a hill in to a valley. Sometimes it seemed suspended between the sea and the sky, and then entirely covered by the waves. But the worst was to come.

Hitherto the boat had not filled. Mr. Richards had managed his helm so well that the bow had pierced the breakers ; but as they neared the shore a huge wave struck the boat on the port side. It reeled, half turned over, and righted



itself, almost filled with water. Elise and Elizabeth screamed; Jimmy took fast hold of Lucy, who was nearest him, and threw off the tarpaulin. The night was clear; the moon made the crests of the breakers seem like huge masses of pearls and diamonds. Jimmy wondered that things so beautiful could be so dangerous.

The boat, half filled with water, had lost its buoyancy; it seemed incapable of resisting the force of the breakers. Everybody was wet through. Mr. Richards ordered two of the sailors to bail. Jimmy, Dick, and Tom were given empty cans with which to assist in the work. They were glad to have something to do.

The condition of the girls was pitiable. Elise and Elizabeth made no attempt to be cheerful. They wept and wailed. Fortunately, everybody else was too busy to pay much attention to their outcries.

Mr. Richards kept the boat well "stern on" to the sea. He knew that if a breaker should strike her broadside or quarter, she would capsize. He had had some experience among the heavy combers on the coast of the Sandwich Islands. He hoped that he might be able to ride one of the huge



waves without risk, for the oars were becoming useless. All depended now on the skill of the man at the helm.

Jimmy was nearest to Mr. Richards ; he watched him with interest and anxiety. They were now about two hundred yards from the shore. The breakers followed one another more rapidly. They struck the boat in quick succession ; but, thanks to Mr. Richards' skill, always on the stern. Some were stronger than others. Jimmy tried to discover whether there was any rule governing their strength. He came to the conclusion that one heavy wave was, as a rule, followed by two lighter ones. A great comber rolled over them, making the girls speechless with fear. Jimmy, according to his calculations, expected a respite. But it was followed by a breaker of tremendous strength. When it had passed, Mr. Richards dropped the tiller. He tried to lift his right hand, but he could not. The breaker had dashed his arm against the stern and disabled it. He was pale as death. Another breaker was approaching. Jimmy saw the danger, and so did Dick. The latter was the quicker. He sprang to the helm, and kept the boat heading straight to the beach,



with the breaker well at its stern. Mr. Richards shouted: "Well done!"

The dash and crash of the breakers on the beach made an appalling din. Dick held his place at the helm. There was no time to change now.

But Elise, accustomed to her own way, and having never practiced self-control, cried out that she would not trust her life in Dick's hands,—somebody else *must* take the helm. Before anybody could prevent her she stood up. Tom and Lucy tried to pull her back to her seat. "No," she protested; "she could not sit still and see them all wrecked."

One of the sailors made a movement to stop her silly and selfish action, when another breaker dashed over them. And when it had gone Elise was not in her place.

Jimmy could swim. He did not hesitate a moment. He stood up, waved his hands towards Dick, and plunged in after her. Dick lost control of the helm. A breaker struck the boat full on its side. In a minute it was submerged. It did not right itself again. It appeared keel-upward, when the breaker had passed, and was dashed, empty, like a picked nutshell, on the beach.



## XVI

## THE GROUP ON THE BEACH

JIMMY'S plunge into the sea half blinded him. He was tossed about in noise and darkness for a short time. Then he felt something in his grasp. It was one of the oars. How he caught hold of it he could not tell, but he held it firm. He rose to the surface in a valley made by two breakers. One of them tossed him up on its crest. He saw for an instant Elise's face, very white in the moonlight, floating in the water. He seized her by the arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I ——"

A huge breaker swept her away from him towards the beach. Just then he heard a faint cry. He saw Dick, with one arm around Lucy, doing his best to struggle with the breakers. He thrust the oar towards Dick, who managed to grasp it, and, throwing himself on the next ingoing breaker, was carried to the beach.

How Dick regretted that he had never learned



to swim, as he felt himself going under, with poor Lucy clinging to him! Jimmy's oar was a god-send. It saved their lives. The breakers threw them, stunned and bruised, on the sand.

But where was Elizabeth, where was Tom, where was Bernard, where was Mr. Richards, where were the sailors?

These questions filled Jimmy's mind to the exclusion of all other things. He cast his eyes anxiously over the foam that boiled around the spot of sand on which he stood. His vigilance was rewarded. He saw Elizabeth and Tom clinging to another oar. Elizabeth seemed exhausted. He plunged into the surf again. It had no terrors for him when there was no one dependent on him. He had always been what his mother called a "water-dog"; he rather enjoyed the lashing and whirling of the breakers. With his assistance the brother and sister were brought safely to shore, and then he caught Bernard's hand just as he was going out of sight; but his hand was wet, and the boy slipped from him. To his astonishment, Bernard, having disappeared for an instant, rose to the surface, and floated flat on his back between two breakers. Then a great comber lifted the boy up,



and Jimmy saw him dashed into a valley and hidden by spray. Then there arose a giant of a breaker, and Bernard was borne upon it to the beach.

Jimmy caught him in his arms.

"I'm all right!" Bernard gasped.

He saw Mr. Richards nowhere, nor was there any sign of the sailors. With a sigh, Jimmy turned to the group on the beach. They were wretched enough. Fortunately the night was warm, but they were wet through and through, and the girls wept and shivered. Dick seemed utterly helpless, and Tom could only groan and wish he were home. They sat huddled together in a group just out of reach of the waves. Jimmy tried in vain to arouse Dick, who seemed entirely crushed.

Jimmy himself felt a sense of helplessness creeping over him. What could he do? But he had been accustomed to think both for himself and his mother, while these other young people had always had somebody to think for them. He made his prayer to Our Lady of Good Counsel and looked around. Bernard stood shivering by his side.



"Thank God!—how did you manage to save yourself? You can't swim."

"No," Bernard's teeth chattered,—“but I can float. I was afraid at first, but I just lay back as if I were in bed, and let God take care of me. Then I wasn't afraid, and I found that I came up every time after a wave had swept over me.”

"Good, old Bernard," said Jimmy, delighted.

The boys saw a narrow platform of sand bordered by a wall of dark rock. In one place there was an opening in the rock, through which Jimmy saw the tracery of trees—waving boughs and shadows being mingled in the moonlight. This was all he could see.

The condition of the miserable group before him suggested a fire. How was a fire to be made? There were trees no doubt; but how could they be utilized for fire-wood? He felt eagerly in his waistcoat pocket, and drew out a match-case. He touched the spring. It flew open. In it lay about twenty-five matches. Were they wet or dry? This was a most important question. His heart leaped with joy when he found that the inside of the tightly closed match-box was as dry as a chip.



"Come, Dick," he said; "we must do something. Let's go look for some wood."

The girls cried out that they would not be left alone.

"It's not so bad," Jimmy continued, making a faint attempt to laugh. "Robinson Crusoe came out all right."

"Heartless creature!" exclaimed Elise. "I shall *die*!"

Bernard stood up. "I'll go, Jimmy," he said; "anything would be better than shivering here."

Elise protested, but Bernard was firm.

"Let them go," Elizabeth said; "they may find poor, dear Mr. Richards."

"Much good Mr. Richards will do us now!" muttered Elise.

"I was not thinking of *us*!" returned Elizabeth, with more spirit than usual. "I was thinking of how sad it will be if we do not see Mr. Richards alive again."

"I am freezing to death, and I have no time to think of other people," Elise answered.

Lucy volunteered to go with Jimmy, who, armed with his opened pocket-knife, entered the cleft in the rock. He found himself in a grove



of low trees and underbrush. The moonlight showed him numbers of slight, waving trees of the palm species. In a few open spaces the ground was thickly covered with dry leaves. Armed with a sharp axe, Jimmy could have cut as much fire-wood as he needed. He had no axe. The air was much warmed behind the wall of rock. But he knew very well that the girls would be afraid of snakes and wild animals, and never dare to leave their present place on the beach.

Jimmy was not discouraged. He had never faced such a seemingly hopeless task before. But he believed that there ought always to be hope. There is always an opening somewhere in the seemingly impenetrable wall. All is dark, but suddenly God sends up a little star out of the gloomiest part of the sky. The man with the most hope is the man that wins the battle. In this case, however, hope seemed useless. Here were trees, but no axe. Half an ocean stretched between him and an axe!

Bernard had cautiously followed him, and, to get a better view, he stood on a mound of withered leaves. It gave way beneath him. Jimmy



stooped to pick him up. His hand struck against something hard under the leaves ; it was part of the trunk of a fallen tree. It was light, fibrous ; it seemed cork like.

“Give a hand, Bernard !” he cried.

In a few minutes the long log had been carried down to the beach. Jimmy, accompanied by Dick and Tom, went back to look for more logs. They found plenty of half-rotted boughs. These they piled under the log. They made a semi-circle of combustibles. Then Jimmy gravely drew out a precious match and lit the fire. The mass was easily ignited. A yellow flame shot up at once, followed by little explosions and spurts of green and red fire, showing the presence of gas in the wood. The log had no doubt lain on the ground for a long time.

The grateful warmth crept into the blood of the young people. They were homeless ; the morrow might bring troops of animals or savages upon them ; they did not know where they were ; but they were grateful—even Elise—for the brief space of comfort which the fire gave.

All outside the fire was in the densest gloom. From out this gloom sounded a voice—“Can you



help a stranger?" It was Mr. Richards' voice. He seemed to be in pain.

Jimmy and Dick rushed out and dragged him—for he was creeping on the ground—into the warm, bright circle.



## XVII

## “THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT”

THE boys rushed to Mr. Richards, dragging him into the warmest place in the circle. He looked around gratefully, closed his eyes for a moment as if to rest, and then spoke.

“I never expected to see you again,” he said. “My disabled arm left me entirely at the mercy of the waves after the boat upset. I was tossed and battered among them until I think I must have fainted. I don’t know how long I lay on the sand, half conscious, suffering, cold, wet, when suddenly I saw the light of your fire, and I crawled towards it. You can imagine how glad I am to find you.”

“And how glad we are !” cried Dick.

“But the sailors !—poor fellows !”

He said no more. They all understood what he meant.

“I wish that I knew where we are. The



*Oceanic* was so disabled that she was unmanageable and drifted two days out of her course, to the south, before we abandoned her,—I imagine, though, that I can find out approximately where ——”

“You must eat first,” said the boys. “There are some canned things here that have been swept ashore. Jimmy picked them up. Among them was a can of condensed coffee.”

Dick, Jimmy, Elizabeth, Tom and Lucy felt almost cheerful,—the coming of Mr. Richards seemed to mean that they were not utterly deserted, after all. But Elise crouched near the fire, with her head buried in her arms, sobbing at intervals. Bernard found her example infectious. He turned away from Mr. Richards gloomily.

It soon became plain that Mr. Richards was suffering. His usually ruddy face was pale as death. His hair and long beard, dripping with water, added to the wretchedness of his appearance. He breathed heavily.

Elizabeth watched him anxiously. She had often imagined herself in some similar position. She had, after reading a novel, fancied herself ministering to the sick, of course with the appro-



bation of a number of admiring people. She had been in a great battle ; she had skilfully bound up the wounds of dying soldiers, and had saved many lives by her heroic and skilful treatment. But, although she saw that Mr. Richards was suffering from his injured arm, she felt herself powerless to help him. How she wished that, instead of novel-reading and dreaming, she had learned to be useful ! How she and Elise had laughed at the lessons which the Sisters had given on "First help to the injured."

"Elise," she said, "I do believe we've been idiots. We've never learned *anything*."

"We've had stupid teachers, then," said Elise, indignantly. "I have always been considered a bright child."

"No ;—we simply wouldn't learn,—that's all. If I ever get home, I shall not have to be forced to learn useful things."

"We shall never get home," sobbed Elise.

But Elise, the strong, the heroine of a hundred imaginary adventures !—surely *she* could help Mr. Richards. She went to Elise and whispered to her.

"I don't care !" said Elise. "I have too much



to think of to bother myself about anybody just now. My sealskin sack is gone —— ”

“A mermaid is probably wearing it now,” put in Dick, maliciously.

“Everything I cared for is gone ! We shall never get home—never ! Let Mr. Richards take care of himself. Where’s your Jimmy Brogan ? Can’t he make himself useful ? ”

Jimmy overheard her ; he did not quite understand. Elizabeth turned to him in shame and distress.

“Oh, Jimmy ! ” she said, “don’t you see how Mr. Richards is suffering ? And I can’t help him ; I don’t know how.”

Jimmy approached Mr. Richards, and asked permission to look at his arm. Mr. Richards smiled, but let Jimmy cut away his sleeve with a penknife.

“I don’t think you can do me much good, my boy,” he said ; “but you cannot make me suffer much more than I am suffering now.”

Jimmy carefully examined the arm. It was broken just below the elbow. The fire was burning brightly, with a steady glow. Jimmy hesitated ; finally he said :



"I can set this arm, Mr. Richards, I think, if you will let me. My arm was broken once. Buttercup—one of our cows—kicked me. I watched the doctor. And, oh, how it hurt! If you don't mind letting me try ——"

"Try by all means," said Mr. Richards, with a groan. "It seems to me as if my legs were broken too, they are so bruised and battered."

Jimmy looked for two flat pieces of wood. With Dick's help he found two shingle-like pieces. Then he asked for some strong muslin or linen. Elizabeth had plenty in her satchel, which had been strapped tightly around her waist when she entered the boat.

When Dick saw how deftly Jimmy set about making his arrangements he envied him. He felt helpless beside him. He knew that he could read a little in his Latin books, and Jimmy could not. He had gone to dancing-school; he had more refined manners than Jimmy. People in Thornydale had always been very polite to Dick McCarthy; but they had said "only Jimmy Brogan!" Dick and Elizabeth had been invited to all the young folks' parties, but nobody except Father Reardon had taken any interest in Jimmy. But



here was Jimmy able to do things which Dick felt he *ought* to be able to do. Why was it he was not?

He asked Elizabeth this question in an undertone. Elizabeth could not answer it.

“I know!” said Tom. “You have never watched anything to see how it is done; Jimmy has. He has used his head and his eyes, and you haven’t.”

Dick admitted that there might be something in this; but he said to himself that the principal reason was that he had failed to learn the chief lesson of education; which is to apply everything we learn to actual life. He and Elizabeth and Elise and Bernard had been so intent on their own amusements that they had given no thought to anything else.

Dick forgot his regrets in the necessity of helping Jimmy. Under Jimmy’s directions, he assisted him by suddenly pulling Mr. Richards’ arm to its full length. Mr. Richards shut his teeth tight, but manfully bore the ordeal. A sharp, snapping noise assured Jimmy that the bone had closed together; he hastened at once to apply the rough splints and to bind them tightly—the arm



between them—with the linen bands which Elizabeth had industriously made at his request.

Mr. Richards was much relieved. He warmly thanked Jimmy. It gave him new strength to know that his arm was not useless for life. He fell asleep. Elizabeth, Lucy, and Tom followed his example. Bernard and the other two big boys took turns through the night in keeping up the fire. By this time, their garments were dry, but most uncomfortable.

Dick kept himself awake during his watch by softly whistling the old Welsh air, *Ayr Hyd y Nos*,—"Through the Long Night." He had heard it somewhere, and it seemed very appropriate. Jimmy said his rosary, and Bernard was fairly cheerful; he had a new sense of power; he could float. Elise lay crouched in a corner. The only sound heard was the constant fall of the waves on the beach. What would the morning bring? Were they to starve on this strip of sand and rock?

These questions running through Dick's mind, almost maddened him. Oh, for the light! Oh, for the morning! And then, to save himself from thinking, he began to whistle, *Ayr Hyd y Nos*,—



“Through the long night, through the long night.”

At last a pale light shone over the sea. It became a burning red streak; and then the sun arose, a ball of fire, glorious, brilliant. The fire had sunk low. Its light was not needed now. The earth was all ablaze with the new flame, and a thousand rubies blazed over all the sea.

Tom was the first to open his eyes. “Oh, dear!” he said, with a look on his face which made Dick laugh in spite of himself; “I thought breakfast was ready!”

With a pang Dick faced the fact that there could be no breakfast, except the coffee, some canned apricots and a bottle of preserved cherries, which oddly enough had escaped, uninjured, from the store put hastily into the boat by the stewardess. He made himself very unhappy about it. The sand, the sea, the rocks,—how could beefsteak and fried potatoes and hot rolls and coffee come out of the sea and the sand and the rocks? Dick could not imagine a breakfast without these things. Tom became rueful enough when he realized the truth. Elise awoke and made the state of affairs worse.



"No breakfast! If I were a boy, instead of being a poor, helpless girl, I'd not sit there like a fool!" she exclaimed, turning to Bernard. "I'd go and find something to eat. Surely you might get a little fruit and find some coffee somewhere. There's always coffee to be had if you know where to find it. Don't tell *me*, stupid creature, that we are on a desert island! There must be something."

Bernard was unable to defend himself against this onslaught. He hung his head gloomily.

"Don't talk that way, Elise. There will be coffee," said Elizabeth, gently. "The boys are doing their best. Don't you see you are discouraging Bernard?"

"Nonsense!" cried Elise. "Who encourages *me*? Look at my clothes, dried and pickled in sea-water. *I'm* a nice looking object! If Dick had not undertaken to steer we should not be here now, starving."

Dick took no notice of this unkind and untrue speech. Elizabeth wondered where the "refined Thorndyke manner" was now.

"And your Jimmy Brogan?—where is he?" continued Elise. "Gone, of course. I suppose he



is lying under a tree somewhere, eating his breakfast comfortably.”

Dick and Tom could not help laughing at the absurdity of this.

At this moment Jimmy bounded into the circle. He drew out of his pockets a number of what looked like stones, and threw them into the fire. He laughed at the surprise of the party, saying, “There are plenty of clams on the beach. We shall not die as long as we can have roast clams.”

“Chowder!” exclaimed Lucy.

Everybody laughed,—even Elise smiled.



## XVIII

## A LESSON FOR ELISE

It was a lovely day. Lucy said, with a sigh: "We can say the same prayers, anyhow, no matter where we are."

Clams, raw and roasted, having a charm of novelty, were not disdained. After the repast the young people began to feel less gloomy. Jimmy's spirits apparently were very high; but his heart was heavy enough as he looked at the rock, sand, and sea, and wondered how long they could live on clams.

As the sun rose higher it became necessary to awaken Mr. Richards, who had sunk into deep sleep. The sand reflected the heat; some shelter must be found. The boat still lay, keel-upward, on the beach. Jimmy and Dick consulted as to how it could be made useful as a shelter. Elise, called on to give an opinion, was as helpless as possible. Elizabeth, who was of a dependent



nature, was more than usually dependent. Elise could not help her. Aunt Susan was at home. She must consult somebody. There was a little packet of Amelie's letters, safe and sound in Elizabeth's bag. She suddenly remembered it. Amelie, who was like an absent sister, might help her. The letters were damp, but legible. She opened the first that came to hand. "I am forced to write to my friends every week. It is part of my education. I must write thoughtfully, and say what my life teaches me every day. To-day, I have learned to do the thing nearest to me, and not to worry. I will tell you how I learned this when I see you."

"The nearest thing to me?" thought Elizabeth. "I must help the boys,—and not worry."

Elise had curled herself into a slight fissure of the rock, and opened a rather moist novel, which she had put into her bag, which, like Elizabeth's, had been tightly strapped to her waist.

It was plain that she had made up her mind to consider only her own comfort. Elizabeth was shocked by her selfishness. On shore she would have believed her friend the most unselfish of human beings. Of course she allowed a great deal for



the fact that Elise was a Thorndyke, and Elise always said that "the Thorndykes had always had their own way from the time of William the Conqueror"; and Elizabeth had yielded the best of everything to her, as a matter of course. But Elise's pretensions appeared in a new light at sea. She contrasted her with Jimmy Brogan. Amelie was more like Jimmy Brogan than Elise. He was helping and not worrying. How wise it was of Amelie and how kind to give her best in her letters to her cousins. Elizabeth saw now that Amelie in France was really Amelie at home,—her influence had been so good. Well, she would apply Amelie's lesson.

Poor Jimmy, who brought the milk every day, and was nobody at all at home, seemed to be much better here than even a Thorndyke! He was cheerful and kind, and eager to help them all.

Dick, in spite of his Latin and the fact that he was a MacCarthy, looked up to him. This somewhat shocked Elizabeth. It began to dawn on her mind that, after all, perhaps Jimmy's bravery and kindness might be worth more than all the Brehons and the Thorndyke ancestors. As to Bernard, whose nerves were the weakest in the



party, he clung close to Jimmy, and followed him about as a dog follows his master. Elise raised her eyes for a moment from her book to rebuke him.

“I don’t understand what you see in that boy!” Elise said. “If I were you I’d have more proper pride than to take *his* orders.”

“Well, we’d have had no breakfast if it had not been for him,” responded Bernard, hotly.

“It’s his business to wait on us,” responded Elise. “He understands that sort of thing. Dear me, it is getting hot! I wish I had an umbrella.”

“What do you think of your Elise now?” whispered Dick.

Elizabeth turned her head away. Elise had the only sheltered position. The others were exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Jimmy was evidently thinking.

Elizabeth went over to Elise, and read aloud to her Amelie’s strengthening words. “Oh, bother,” said Elise. “I’m tired of your preaching old Amelie.”

Elizabeth did not complain, but she said to herself that if the sun continued to shine she must become blind. Her head ached. Tom and Lucy



ran down to the beach and dipped their heads into the sea. They forgot the perils around them in "racing with the waves," as Dick called it.

Jimmy and Dick consulted. Elise said :

"Oh, Elizabeth, you *must* read this book ! You never in all your life saw such a sweet girl as Elaine. She's just too lovely ! I never cried so much in my life as I have since I began the chapter about her being lost in London."

And Elise wiped her eyes.

And there was poor Mr. Richards, to whose head Elizabeth was holding a wet handkerchief ! Elise did not give a thought to him.

"If we had a shawl ——" Jimmy began.

"Elise has one in her bag," Bernard said.

"And I intend to keep it there," quickly responded Elise.

"But we could make an awning if we had one ——"

Elise laughed scornfully. "If you people would go and find shelter in the rock, as I have done, you would not need an awning. I can't have my shawl used for an awning."

"Oh, let her go on !" cried Dick. "The more she shows her true character, the more I am



pleased. It's not likely that Elizabeth will imitate this."

"Elizabeth can do as she chooses; she has her old Amelie!" said Elise, loftily. "We are here on a desert island because you insisted on steering the yawl. We're here through your fault, and you must take care of us. I don't intend to become a servant girl and soil my hands or inconvenience myself for anybody. Elizabeth can do as she chooses. Whatever happens," she said, with a scornful glance at Bernard, "I shall never forget that *I* am a Thorndyke!"

Dick's eyes sparkled. Jimmy put his hand on his shoulder.

"Remember she's a girl, Dick."

"Girl or no girl," cried Dick, "she's—she's—a crocodile!"

They laughed at this. Elise went on with her novel.

Jimmy walked into the opening between the rock, carrying a huge stick in his hand. He found himself in a cooler atmosphere.

The high rocks were draped with creepers covered with tender green leaves. The trees were fairly well clothed in their early summer gar-



ments. There were a great many of them. They filled a narrow space between what seemed to be a salt-water lake of great dimensions and the narrow stretch of sand that ran along the rocks. Along the inner side of the rocks were numbers of saplings. Jimmy, remembering the tomato plant that had floated out to them, looked in vain for a patch of any growth that it might have come from. Did tomatoes ever grow wild? Or were they always cultivated? Jimmy felt very foolish to be so ignorant. He knew that there was a great difference between the wild strawberry of the fields and the "tame" berry, as he called it, of the farms. He lived in a country of tomatoes; why did he know so little about them?

Although the rays of the sun fell on the immense lake, the air was cool and fresh along the line of the rocks. In the centre of the lake he noticed another island. In the middle of this island, which was tinted a tender green, the sun struck something that gave back a dazzling brilliance, as if it were a huge diamond. Jimmy strained his eyes. He called Dick. What was it? It was one great glare. It threw back the sun's light boldly. What was it?



"We shall soon know what the light is," said Dick ; " we have the boat."

This thought was a great comfort to Jimmy, too. After all, much might be done with the boat.

The whole party, including the reluctant Elise, went into the cooler air behind the rocks. It was quite pleasant there. The change pleased everybody. Jimmy alone began to worry about their dinner ; at least there were clams. Mr. Richards was feverish, but able to sit up.

Jimmy, having racked his brains until he had a headache, asked Dick to go down to the beach and put the boat in order. Then he spoke of his perplexity ; but Dick could give no help. In the meantime the young people near the lake wondered what the great brilliant reflection on the island could mean.

Jimmy and Dick soon righted the upturned boat. It was uninjured. And, to their great joy, wedged under the stern-seat they found several provision boxes, and nailed to one of the ribs the water keg. Mr. Richards' tool box was also safe under another seat ; and scattered on the beach were various tin boxes and cans, for the life-boat had been well equipped.



Jimmy opened the tool box at once. It was dry enough, though some of the tools were a little the worse for their salt-water bath. Two stout fishing-lines coiled in a small, separate compartment of the box pleased Dick.

"But what's the use?" he said. "We can't fish. We've no bait."

Jimmy responded by picking up a clam, and saying, "Why not? Clams make good bait sometimes. Shall we try it?"

Dick and Jimmy carried the cans and boxes to the girls, and, arming themselves with a piece of flat wood each, to serve as a paddle, they pushed the boat down towards the surf. Jimmy baited his hook with a clam; Dick followed his example. Then they rushed the boat into the breakers and jumped in. It did not take them long to get beyond the foaming lines into the dark-blue calm. They threw the lines, weighted with bits of rock, into the sea. Silence; interest; anxiety. Suddenly Dick cried out:

"You have a bite, Jimmy!"

There was a strong tug at Jimmy's line. Jimmy held on with both hands. He certainly had caught *something*. The line was taut. He



pulled with all his might. It seemed that something had caught him. The boat was pulled rapidly out to sea. Her bow cut streaks of foam from the gently moving waves. Jimmy held on to the side of the boat with one hand and crouched in the bow.

"Let go!—let go!" cried Dick, frightened by the swiftness with which they were moving out to sea.

"I can't!" Jimmy said. "The line is wrapped around my waist, and it's cutting my hand in two."

The boat whizzed through the water. Jimmy could hardly keep in it, and his face was drawn with pain. Dick saw the shore receding. He could make out Tom and Elizabeth, who had come down to the beach, raising their arms imploringly. Jimmy looked back too, and saw this. Did they think they were deserted? How awful would be their fate if Dick and he should be really carried out to sea! He groaned outright at the thought and with the pain of the tense line that was cutting into his wrist.

"Dick," he cried, "take my penknife and cut this line, if you want to save me from being pulled overboard!"



Dick thrust his hand into Jimmy's pocket. In an instant the line was severed, and almost at the same instant the head of a shark appeared on the surface.

Jimmy's right hand was useless for the rest of the day. Dick tried his luck and hauled up a large fish, somewhat like the blue fish he knew so well from his trips to the Atlantic coast.

The party ate a sumptuous repast of broiled fish—Elizabeth cooked it as well as she could. There was coffee and a can of biscuits was opened. Even Elise condescended to be cheerful. She had realized, as she saw the boat going out to sea, how dreadful might be her fate were the hateful Jimmy Brogan to leave them. It was plain that Jimmy was the mainstay of the party; and that Dick, while a good follower, could not be depended on as a leader.

As for Mr. Richards, he was too sick to move from his sheltered place in a kind of cave which Lucy and Tom had discovered. Last year's leaves and dried grass were carried into it. It led to a series of small caves in the rock,—admirably adapted for sleeping places if one had nowhere else to sleep. "And," as Tom said, "the hotel was some distance away."



Elise's suggestions were unnoticed by the young people, while Jimmy's—always sensible—were received with attention. Elise for the first time in her life began to feel that there was something which could command more respect than social position and riches. There was a world outside of Thornydale, and she was discovering it.



## XIX

## A BIT OF GLASS

Two days passed. Fish, and the preserved meat and vegetables, the young people found in the cans, gave them food. A turtle was seen cast up on its back out of the lake ; but if Jimmy had not showed the girls how to make soup of it, it would have been entirely wasted. Elise disdained to touch the "brute," as she called it, with her fair hands ; she said that she intended to spend all her time on the island in cultivating her mind, so she buried herself in her novel—"Elaine's Love ; or, The Duke's Vengeance."

Elizabeth had not learned to cook,—in fact, she knew nothing useful ; and when she saw Jimmy cutting up the turtle, and preparing to boil it in one of the large cans, she was heartily ashamed of herself, and hung her head. Then she raised it, and said to Jimmy :

"I wish you would teach me to cook ! Aunt Susan never taught me."



"I'm sure," said Jimmy, willing to defend his friend, Aunt Susan, "that, like most girls, you hated cooking. I'm sure Elise Thorndyke does. I had to help my mother."

Elizabeth blushed.

"I should like to learn ; please teach me."

It was hard to ask any favor of the boy whom she had treated so shabbily.

"Of course I will," said Jimmy, cheerfully. "I had to do it when my mother was sick. Every girl ought to be able to cook."

"You mean every girl in *your* class of life," called out Elise. "But I don't see why young ladies in *ours* should soil their hands."

"You'll see that soon enough, if anything should happen to Jimmy," said Dick, who was chopping some wood with the carpenter's axe which he had taken from the tool chest. "It is time that Elise stopped her nonsense. Jimmy is the best man among us."

"I'd be ashamed to acknowledge it, if I were you !" said Elise, closing her book and preparing for battle.

"Elise,"—Elizabeth found it hard to speak,—  
"don't you see that we've been living in a little,



foolish world, made by ourselves? This is real life, and we must face it. It was all very well to play at ancestors and fashion and all that, when we had nothing else to do,—or thought we hadn't; but now ——”

“We're all up against real life!” Dick said, seriously. “Jimmy is teaching us that.”

“You're silly to say so!” retorted Elise.

“I am not. I would be proud to be more like him. And if I ever get home again I'll try to be more like him. What I want to say now is that the time has come for us to divide the labor. It's a shame to have Jimmy doing all the work,—a downright shame, and I'll not stand it!”

Elise looked sulky, but made no answer. Dick went on:

“Jimmy was awake until after midnight. What was he doing? Why, studying my little Latin lexicon. He wants to know Latin, and I am going to teach him when he has time. But with cooking, fishing, and planning, and trying to make us all comfortable, he has no time for improving *his* mind, though he does not want to read novels.”

“If Jimmy will teach me, I'll do the cooking,”



said Elizabeth. "I agree with all that Dick says."

Jimmy came up at this moment, carrying something in both hands.

"Eggs," he said, "real hens' eggs."

"We shall have an omelet!" exclaimed Elise.

"I can't make an omelet," said Jimmy, dolefully.

"There's a good recipe in one of Amelie's letters. I'll find it,—I wish that you would teach me to cook,—that is—what you know."

It cost Elizabeth some effort to say this. She knew that Elise was listening. And she was still afraid of Elise.

"And what am I expected to do?" demanded Elise, with a smile of toleration for the antics of her inferiors.

"Nothing," said Dick, gravely; "because it's all you *can* do."

This made her angry, but she was silent. It suddenly dawned on her that everybody around her looked on her as a drone. Even Mr. Richards, who lay in one of the caves, trying to sew together some bags which were to form part of a tent, did not defend her. She threw down her novel and walked away with what in other days Elizabeth



would have called a "queenly" step. She went towards the lake. The sun's rays fell full on the island, and were reflected in silvery lustre from the bright things upon it. She observed a glittering object at her feet. She picked it up. It was a small pane of glass framed in wood. It did not strike her that it was strange it should be there: she saw in it a possible looking-glass.

Elise, in her own mind, was a beautiful creature. She had always been well dressed, and that had added much to her high opinion of herself. She and Elizabeth had lived in a dreamland in which they were princesses. But now one look in the very imperfect mirror permitted her to see herself as others saw her: her face was browned and freckled; her hair, combed back, revealed a forehead reddened to the color of brick-dust by the sun. Certainly there was nothing "distinguished" about her now. She could not believe her eyes. The mirror was very poor; she could hardly make out her face in it at all, but what she saw was enough. She sat on the sand and cried—in earnest this time.

"I believe," she said,—“I believe I am no better than anybody else!”



Tears of wounded vanity ran down her cheeks. Scolding, reproaches, entreaties had been wasted on her by her good teachers ; but the lesson taught her by that bit of broken glass was most effectual. When her tears dried, she was desolate. Nobody loved her. Jimmy Brogan *must* detest her. She was sure that Dick hated her. And her own people were far away. Elizabeth was too busy to pay much attention to her. She was alone,—alone,—left out of everything. And with privation and hard work staring her in the face. She *must* not be thrust aside in this way. She would *make* them like her.

“Here nobody cares who you are or who you know !” she sobbed. “I’m just a plain person here.”

When she returned to the little camp she saw Elizabeth industriously stirring the soup. Before they left the ship, cups and spoons had been put away in Elizabeth’s satchel ; Elise went up to her meekly and asked if she might have them to wash.

Dick gave a long, low whistle, Lucy giggled, and Tom’s eyes became round as saucers. Jimmy alone spared Elise mortification by asking her



cheerfully if she would help him to untwist a piece of rope; for he was trying to mend a broken paddle. Elise complied very meekly. She could not get rid of the picture of herself in her rumpled clothes. How could she be so ugly! Well, she must work and forget it. She could not imagine herself to be the beautiful Elaine of the novel *now*.

The omelet turned out fairly well. Jimmy had made a frying-pan from the bottom of one of the larger cans.

"But the hens' eggs," asked Mr. Richards, "where did they come from?"

"Oh, I just found them,—there are several nests and a lot of little chickens under the bushes down near the shore."

Mr. Richards was interested. "But hens are not wild birds;—there must be some civilized people about."

"I don't know."

"These chickens have escaped from civilization. They cannot have flown. Cocks and hens don't swim. These civilized fowls must have escaped from some place near."

"They're barred Plymouth Rocks," said Jimmy,



“and it’s like a barn-yard down there. We’re sure of as many eggs as we can eat.”

“Thank heaven!” said Mr. Richards. “As soon as the inflammation in this hand goes down, we’ll explore.”

Elizabeth’s heart grew lighter as she noticed Elise’s subdued manner. And that night, for the first time, they said the rosary together,—Mr. Richards, though not a Catholic, joining in it.

The weather still kept clear. The boys, having made a serviceable pair of paddles, resolved to explore the island; so Jimmy, Dick, Bernard, and Tom started off early in the morning, leaving Mr. Richards to take care of the girls.

It was not a long pull to the island. They armed themselves with the hatchets, the axe, and stout clubs. But they had no need of these. The island was small, covered with a soft, green grass, among which grew plants with white, star-like flowers. Tom made up his mind to take a bouquet home to Lucy. But just now there was no time for gathering flowers.

“What are these flowers?” asked Jimmy.

“Don’t know,” said Dick.

“Tulips,” put in Tom, confidently.



Dick laughed.

"Stupid!"

"I don't think that Tom is more stupid for calling the hepatica a tulip than you are for not knowing the name of a common spring flower," said Jimmy.

"Right you are," said Dick. "As soon as I get a chance I'll learn all about plants. Jimmy says that, after a time, we'll have to use milkweed for asparagus and dandelions for salad."

"I don't know one from the other."

"If milkweed and dandelions grow in this climate! We'll find out."

When they reached the centre of the island they found the most astonishing thing. Before them stretched at least two acres of hotbeds covered with glass! This had reflected the sun's rays. Beyond was a greenhouse, through the panes of which they could see waving leaves. Dick rubbed his eyes. Jimmy stood stock-still.

"What do you think of it?" asked Dick.

"I can't think anything," said Jimmy. "It's too sudden."

Cautiously they approached the plant-houses. They saw young potato and tomato plants.



"Somebody lives here, evidently," said Dick. "Why, there is a little hut!"

It was a small house made of planks, after the manner of a log cabin. The boys walked up the narrow, shell-bordered path which led to it. Jimmy knocked at the door, as the rest held back.

"Come in!" said a deep voice. "I expected you'd come some time. I know you'll rob me, but you'll not find much."

The boys opened the door. Inside the hut, stretched on a camp-bed, was an old man dressed in blue flannel, with a red-tinted face, white hair, and kindly blue eyes. He had a wooden leg. His right hand clasped a crutch, which he seemed ready to use for the purpose of defence, if necessary.

Jimmy looked him straight in the eyes, and made up his mind that this inhabitant of the island might be trusted. He advanced. The old man held out his hand.

"I thought you'd be coming over. I noticed your fire and the smoke, and a man that seemed to be sick; I saw him through my glass, though I couldn't move."



"Yes, we have a sick man. Jimmy here set his arm. It was broken below the elbow," said Dick.

"He must be a very smart boy, then," answered the man, looking inquisitively at Jimmy. "There are two bones in the forearm, and I don't think that anybody but an experienced surgeon could set them."

"There was only one broken," said Jimmy, modestly. "It was the ulna,—I think that is the name I heard it called by when I was sick in the hospital at Thornydale."

The old man nodded his head approvingly.

"You've a good memory. I was once a nurse in a hospital myself, and I know a great deal about such things. But I've rheumatism now, and I can hardly get about to water my plants."

"Are we near home?" cried Tom, eagerly. "Shall we have to stay here all our lives?"

"This is my home," said the old man. "I don't know where yours is."

Dick told him, and also about the wreck.

"Poor children!" said the old man. "You can come over here and help me. This is one of the pleasantest spots on earth. The winds hardly ever



penetrate my thick walls of rock. And the spring comes sooner here. In a few weeks I shall have a great crop of early vegetables. There's another hut near this—see !”

The boys noticed a little house, larger than the one occupied by their new acquaintance, somewhat behind his.

“My helper used to live there ; but he went to Liverpool to see his friends, and the house will be empty for some months. The girls of your party can have it until he comes back, and you fellows can stay with me. But you'll have to help me.”

“But shall we ever get home ?”

“Certainly. Why not ?”

The boys were stunned by the coolness of this answer.

“This is a coaling station for steamers, and their captains buy my vegetables, and are glad to get them. Of course you can get home.”

Jimmy and Dick clasped each other's hands.

“Thank God and His Blessed Mother !” they said, almost with one voice.



## XX

## A PORTENTOUS HINT

THE boys very cheerfully obeyed the old sailor's direction, and rowed back for Mr. Richards, Elise, Elizabeth, and Lucy. You can imagine their delight when they found that they were not hopelessly stranded on a desert island.

The old sailor—who announced his name as Jem Jeffreys, formerly of the brig *Matanzas*, in the Cuban sugar trade,—“when the United States flag used to fly on the high seas,” he added,—was very cordial and hospitable. He gave the girls a pile of buffalo robes, and did his best to make them comfortable. He had a great store of preserved meat and various delicacies. He did not give them much chance to talk,—in fact, he did all the talking himself.

They soon discovered that he had been wrecked on the island, and, liking the climate, had volunteered to stay there with a companion. The captains of all the steamers that passed knew him, and he had something to say of all of them. The



steamship companies supplied him with all the seed and plants he needed, and when they stopped for coal they were glad to take fresh vegetables at a very good price. The old sailor had only one grievance at present—he had lost his shaving-glass; he apologized for the growth of beard on his cheeks and chin. After a while Elise delighted the old man by producing the triangular-shaped pane in the wooden frame from which she had learned her last lesson.

Jeffreys was pleased; he forgot his rheumatism. Tom and Lucy attracted him particularly. They were like his little nephew and niece up in Maine, he said.

Lucy asked him how old his niece was, and her name.

“Esmeralda, my dear; and she must be just your age—but bless me! I haven’t seen her for over twenty years! She must be older now. How time flies!”

And he laughed at his mistake. Jimmy was glad to see the rest of the party join gaily in the laugh. It was the first hearty laugh that he had heard since they left the *Oceanic*.

Jeffreys hobbled through the greenhouses,



showing them a lemon-tree full of fruit, and an orange-tree which had both fruit and blossoms. There were a few roses; the rest of the greenhouses had onions, young lettuce, parsley, and potatoes; the vegetables under the glass frame on the ground were mostly green tomatoes.

The boys seized the water-cans and went through the greenhouses, directed by the sailor, who now sat resting in his chair. The girls, under the same direction, searched for the red spiders which were the dread of Jeffreys' life; they were the only things he was afraid of.

The boys were shocked to find how little they knew about common things. Jimmy's knowledge of cooking was small compared to that of Jeffreys. When Jimmy presented him with stew, he called out:

"You landlubber, do you call *that* lobscouse? You'll have to learn to cook!"

"It seems to me," said Tom, after a hard day's work in the hothouse, "we learned a lot,—but not enough to keep ourselves alive anywhere. I can't even tie a knot properly."

Jeffreys laughed. "Landlubbers!" he said.

The recovery of his shaving-glass added to his



good humor, and Jimmy's quickness in understanding his directions confirmed him in his pleasant mood. The boys worked so willingly that they had sprayed the under side of the leaves of all the important plants in a short space of time. Jeffreys had invented a decoction for this purpose; for tobacco and tobacco smoke were of no use. "They thrive on these," he said; "and if they were boys, they'd be cigarette smokers. They're pesky enough to poison human beings, like cigarette fiends, if they had the chance."

Tom looked guilty. He had considered it a "smart" thing to smoke cigarettes. But Aunt Susan had made him promise not to do it any more; however, he suspected that the old sailor was making a fling at him. And the old sailor saw his conscious look and chuckled.

"A boy that smokes cigarettes every day is sure to be a liar," he said, "and if he gets a chance he'll be a thief;—mark my words."

Tom blushed.

"I'm in earnest!" said the old man. "By the way," he asked, changing the subject, "I wish I could find my 'Plymouth Rocks.' They've wandered off somewhere."



“We know,” said Tom, laughing, “and we owe you for a lot of eggs.”

The young people spent the evening on the lawn in front of Jeffreys’ hut. He told stories of sea-life, while they sat silent, watching the moon as it rose, and hearing the measured dash of the waves coming from outside the wall of rock.

They were almost happy—all except Jimmy. There was a great weight on his heart. Hitherto he had been buoyed by the necessity of working for the others. He was very sad. All his mother’s hopes were at an end. He should have to go back to Thornydale, to be a hewer of wood and a milker of cows all his life. His dear mother would grow old before his eyes, working harder each day with no hope for him. It would take a long time to pay off his father’s debts,—it would mean many weary steps for her, many doubts, many anxieties; for his good will and young muscles could not save her these. His heart sank. He wished that his mother and he were on this island, free from the scorn of the rich and proud, with no one to care for but themselves. “After all,” he reflected, “all people were not proud. The Drews were rich, but he was sure they would not



look down on his dear mother. Oh, I wish I could make her live like other people! Oh, her poor hands, how hard and wrinkled they are! For me! All for me!" He was alone;—so he bowed his head and sobbed until a little prayer brought him hope.

He walked towards his companions. He sighed. Elise turned in surprise.

"You have been so cheerful!" she said. "Why are you 'blue' now?"

Jimmy was embarrassed. "Oh!" he answered, "I don't know—that is—to tell the truth," he continued, "I hate to think that I shall have to see my mother work when I go home. I hoped that things would have changed."

Elise made no answer. Jimmy, who was studying a page of "The Following of Christ" every day, ran over his day's lesson in his mind.

Elise took Elizabeth's hand in hers.

"Elizabeth," she whispered, "I am sorry for myself. How silly I—we—have been! I wish I were half as good as Jimmy Brogan."

"I wish I were," Elizabeth answered, simply. "I wish that I were as good as Amelie, too."

"I hate Amelie. You're always talking of



Amelie," said Elise, hotly. "She's only a distant cousin."

"That's not it." Elizabeth paused a moment, to gain control over her temper. "But see what Amelie has done for me, though she is so far away. I will tell you. You know how good Aunt Susan is;—but she is content to have us well fed and well dressed, and happy when we learn things at school;—but she's not like a mother, and father is nearly always away. There was nobody to talk to us about things that really count, you know. Teachers are too busy;—you can't expect them to pay special attention to you. But children must have *somebody*. You see I'd be very silly, if I did not have some serious person who understood me. Amelie is so much older, and, when she visited us, she was so fine and sweet and gentle, that we all said, 'Amelie shall be our little mother.' She went far away—to France; but she has never forgotten her promise to write every week. And it's been a great lesson to us *never* to forget our friends when they are away. You see if Amelie did not answer our letters, we'd feel hurt,—and now we all know, even Tom, that other people are hurt when their letters are not answered,—oh, Amelie



has taught us so many great little things. If ever I have influenced you for good, Elise, it was all Amelie, not me."

Elise did not quite like this.

"Can't we help Jimmy Brogan?" she asked, turning to Dick.

Dick grunted. "The best thing *you* can do," he said, "is to let him alone. God will help him and he'll help himself. But, if you condescend to ask my advice, I should suggest that you try to make up by your manner to him for what he has suffered ——"

"Yes, yes!" said Elise, hastily.

The old sailor's eyes, sharp as needles, had noticed Jimmy's thoughtfulness. He asked him to help him to walk around the path which bounded the vegetable garden. Jimmy gladly consented. When they were out of ear-shot of the young people, the sailor asked Jimmy many questions about his home life. Jimmy answered truthfully. The sailor said little; but he showed sudden interest when Jimmy spoke of Mr. Drew's rafts.

"If you had money, what would you do with it?"

"I would buy mother a house and save her



from the hard work she does, pay off father's debts, and then get a good education for myself."

"Why do you want an education? Isn't an education useful only to get money? If you had money, why should you want an education?"

Jimmy looked in amazement at the old sailor. "Do you really mean what you say?" he asked.

"You haven't answered my question."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I can only say that I should rather be poor all my life if I had an education than rich without one."

"Well said! I wish all American boys had your spirit. I'm not a man of education myself, —I wish from my heart I was. But I sometimes think that in heaven I shall get what I couldn't get on earth. I learned too well that if a man neglects his chances in early life, money will not make up for it when he is older."

Jeffreys had dropped his usual drawl and his expletives like "dog gone" and "pesky." He spoke so seriously that Jimmy felt an added respect for him.

"I hope God will let me be a good priest," said Jimmy. "I pray for that every day."

Jeffreys' face changed.



“Are you a Catholic?”

“Why, certainly,” said Jimmy. “Didn’t you know? We are all Catholics.”

Jeffreys was silent; then he said:

“I am glad of it. Perhaps you can explain some things—but I have a secret. Do you want to be rich?”

Jimmy was astonished by this question.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I want to help my mother; I want to be well educated; I want many things ——”

“I understand. If I make you rich, will you give up your desire of becoming a priest?”

“Never!” said Jimmy, firmly. “Never!”

The old sailor said it was getting chilly, and they walked back to the hut in silence.



## XXI

## THE GUNPOWDER

JEFFREYS and the young people became better friends every day. Mr. Richards, whose recovery was very slow, spent most of his time in reading "The Following of Christ."

Jeffreys told Jimmy a great many things about himself. He spoke of his hardships when a boy in Maine. He told him that he had gone to New York on board a schooner, and had shipped again from that city; and he said that he hoped no friend of his would ever go to sea. "That little fellow, Tom, likes to listen to sea yarns. He is never tired of them. You just disgust him as much as possible. Don't let him read dime novels, or he'll be ruined before he is able to reason like a man. It was dime novels that sent me to sea. It means hard work, hard knocks, and bad language."

"We don't have dime novels now," said Jimmy. "But there's a lot of detective stories about."

"Detective stories did not exist in my time; I



calculate if there had been detective stories in my time, I'd have been a detective. That might have been worse, or it might have been better."

After a time Jeffreys confided to Jimmy that he did not like priests or Catholics. Jimmy laughed. It seemed so queer. Elise came up to the parsley plot just then, and asked what they were talking about. Jimmy made no answer. Jeffreys turned around and said sharply that he disliked priests and Catholics, and that he wasn't ashamed of it.

"Well, you ought to be," answered Elise, whom prosperity was beginning to enliven a little.

"Why ought I to be?" demanded the old sailor.

"Because you are ignorant and bigoted," exclaimed Elise, her color rising. "Because you are without sense enough to understand anything. Of course there are a great many low people who are Catholics; but if you ever come to Thornydale you will see that there are many Catholics there, like ourselves and the MacCarthys, who are quite in society."

"And how about Jimmy here?" asked Jeffreys, with a twinkle in his eye.

Elise assumed one of her old airs. It was so



“queenly” that Elizabeth, who had been doing good work all the morning among the red spiders in a plot near by, was, as she would have expressed it, “transfixed with admiration.”

Elizabeth joined the group.

Elise turned to her. “Mr. Jeffreys,” she said, “is finding fault with us Catholics. I have been telling him that he has a very wrong idea of us. He seems to think that we are all low and entirely without social position ——”

“I don’t know anything about ‘social position,’” interrupted Jeffreys, taking off his cap and wiping his forehead with a large red silk handkerchief; for he began to feel embarrassed, and wished he had held his tongue; “but I think Jimmy Brogan’s the best of you, for all that.”

“Jimmy’s very well,” said Elise, forgetting her good resolutions. “Of course we associate with him on equal terms here, but in Thornydale it is different. Jimmy’s only a milk-boy there.”

Elizabeth began to cry. Dick shook his fist behind Elise’s back. Jimmy wished something would happen.

“Give *me* Jimmy!” said Jeffreys. “There’s no Bloody Mary about *him*!”



Elise lost her temper entirely. "And no Henry VIII. about *me*! We didn't murder priests and nuns!"

"It's a lie!" returned Jeffreys, mopping his forehead. His history was a little hazy; he, however, had some remembrance of Bible history. "Who murdered Moses in the bulrushes?" he demanded, triumphantly.

"Martin Luther!" responded Tom, who had been listening, and who could not resist joining the fray.

"Martin Luther isn't in the Bible!" said Jeffreys, hotly. "You can't prove *that*."

"I do not know where he is, but I know where he ought to be," retorted Tom, pointing downward.

"If you say another word, I'll drive you off my island!" cried Jeffreys.

"You can't," said Tom.

"What I *do* say," broke in Elise, "that low-class Catholics have prejudiced Mr. Jeffreys against us."

Jeffreys grew redder in the face. Elise faced him, ready to continue the battle, waving Tom away with one hand. They were all thoroughly excited.

"I don't know much about history but I do



know that—that—well, I won't say, just because Jimmy Brogan's a Catholic. But as for you, Miss Thorndyke, you ought to be ashamed to quarrel with an old man like me. If I had the education you pretend to have, I shouldn't talk like you. Your priests can't be what some of your people say they are, if you are the best Christian they make."

Elise was abashed by this. She walked away silently. She knew she had been harsh with the old man. What would Father Reardon have told her? To be gentle; to be meek; not to return accusation for accusation. She walked over to Mr. Richards. He was asleep under an improvised umbrella made of sail-cloth. His book had fallen from his hand. Elise picked it up; turning the pages nervously, she saw these passages:

"It is oftentimes a small thing that casts me down and troubles me.

"I make a resolution to behave myself valiantly, but when a small temptation comes I am brought into great straits."

Elise closed the book. She asked herself why it was that Jimmy Brogan seemed to be such a favorite. Even her own brother preferred his



society to hers. He had been "nobody" in her set at Thornydale, but at sea he was "everybody." Why? Because he was kind and honest and good; because he made Father Reardon's instructions his rule of life; because he did everything he could for others, not thinking of himself. And here she, Elise Thorndyke, with all her aptness in controversy, had been made a reproach on the cause she was defending, because—and she admitted it—she had given way to pride and ill-temper.

"Jimmy," said Jeffreys, looking after Elise, "I never hated Catholics so much as I do now."

Jimmy went on with his work. He could see that Elise had done much mischief. But he saw no means of remedying it.

Jeffreys was gruff all the afternoon. He sat on a rock and watched the boys work. He grumbled about the rheumatism and made the boys wheel ten or eleven barrels from one cave to another when they were almost too tired to stand; for the task of looking carefully after each plant was not an easy one.

"Handle those barrels carefully," he said, crossly; "there is gunpowder in them."



You may imagine how well Jimmy and Dick obeyed this injunction.

Tired as they were, the boys said the rosary before they went to bed.

“Stop that gibberish!” Jeffreys yelled—he had turned into his couch.

The boys went on in a lower tone.

This did not satisfy Jeffreys. He called out again: “Ain’t you tired enough to go to bed? Jump in there, and stop your nonsense!”

“We’ll jump out and find a place somewhere else, if you keep on,” said Dick.

“We are saying our prayers,” added Tom. “We’ve worked hard enough for you to-day to have earned that privilege, at least.”

Jeffreys said no more. He watched the young people. He was impressed by their observance of their religious duties, though he grumbled. Every Sunday morning Dick read the Prayers for Mass aloud. Jeffreys stood aloof, outwardly contemptuous, but inwardly admiring. He was almost conquered one day when Elise came to him and begged his pardon.

“If I had followed Father Reardon’s instructions—he’s our priest, you know,—I should not



have behaved so disrespectfully and hatefully to you the other day. You mustn't think that our priests teach us anything that is not good."

Jeffreys grunted discontentedly; but he gave Elise the first ripe tomato of the season.

Jeffreys continued to watch them all. One Sunday, a few days before a steamer was expected, he asked Jimmy to take a walk. This meant that Jimmy should support him as he hobbled along.

"I take back what I said about your religion," he began. "I don't care anything about history, or whether Bloody Mary murdered Moses or not; but I can see that you are good children, and I can see, too, that your religion keeps you straight. I don't know how it is with other people, but if I have to choose between an old duffer like Martin Luther whom I didn't know, and a good Catholic like you whom I do, I choose the man I know. If Martin said a church was bad that makes young people good, then Martin lied,—that's all! An ounce of good example is worth a hundred pounds of argument. When I see a Christian a-lying and a-swearing and a-raising rows, except when he has to, I don't feel much inclined to let him talk me down,—that's all!"



This was very pleasant and unexpected to Jimmy. He began at once to explain Catholic belief to Jeffreys, who listened with great interest.

After a while Jeffreys interrupted his instructor. "Look here, boy," he said; "I want to tell you a secret. I know where one of Mr. Drew's rafts is."

Jimmy stared at him in amazement.

"Yes, I do. There was an awful storm one night, and the water rose so high that the raft was thrown clear over the rocks on the east side, into the quiet water. But the question is now: How to get it out again. If a steamer comes the raft will probably be broken up. If you can find any way of getting it out, it's yours; you can claim Mr. Drew's reward. Now that I know more about Catholics, I am not afraid of playing into the devil's hands by making you rich. But as the raft is inside a wall of rock, I don't see what good it can do you."

Jimmy's eyes sparkled. He thought a moment and then asked: "Didn't you say there was gunpowder in those kegs?"



## XXII

## THE TIGER

“GUNPOWDER, of course,” answered Jeffreys; “but what has that to do with the raft?”

Jimmy was a boy, and he felt very much of a boy when Jeffreys asked this question in such a doubtful tone.

“I thought,” he stammered a little,—“well,” he continued, “I may as well tell you that I thought the gunpowder might be used for blowing away some of the rocks; and if that were done we could float the raft out, and get the steamer to tow it to shore.”

Jeffreys chuckled. “Just to think of it!” he said. Then he chuckled again. “You’ve more sense than most landlubbers. Jim Barlow never thought of that. He was my chum here for a while. And when he was going away I thought I’d just give him that raft if he had gumption enough to get it out; but he hadn’t. Bless you! *he* wasn’t smart. I saw there wasn’t much in him



after he was here a while. He was the kind of sailor that would blow his gaff on a man ; he'd shirk his grog," cried the old sailor, growing warmer ; "he'd steal out of the menarvlin basket !"

Jimmy tried to feel impressed by these awful revelations. Jeffreys fixed him with his eyes, as if to watch him grow pale and tremble at the enormity of Jim Barlow's deeds.

"He went off with my best pipe, and an overcoat that I hadn't had on for more than eleven years. It was almost as good as new. But he couldn't take the raft. He hadn't sense enough for that."

It was not until a day or two after this conversation that Jeffreys had time to return to the subject of the raft. With advancing spring the vegetables required more attention, and even Mr. Richards was called in to keep the red spider at a distance. Elise was obliged to leave her novel, and she began to find pleasure in work, though it was tiresome at first. The crop of onions was her especial care. It would be ready by the time the steamer came. And she took as much pleasure in it as she had taken in her novels.



Elizabeth, working quietly in her garden patch, thought more than she had ever before in her life. How anxious she had been about parties and dresses and all kinds of trifles at Thornydale! She remembered how she had plagued poor Aunt Susan for a new white lace frock in the summer, because Elise had one; she remembered how angry she had been because Mrs. Irving asked Elise to pour out the tea at the last "sociable," when she had come in first. How important all these things had seemed to her! She remembered how often she had neglected going to confession because she wanted to take a walk or go out to tea, or because she was tired. Now, far from a church or priest, she longed ardently to perform those religious acts which were at once duties and consolations. She used to say sometimes that she *hated* the first Friday because it was confession day. She thought over this now, and made heartfelt prayers that she might live to make up for her callousness by the fervor of her confessions and Communions.

During the long hours spent among the plants Elizabeth became a better and gentler girl. The blessed meaning which contented and quiet work bears for hearts capable of understanding it came



to her. When the sun was hot, and she was tempted to stop looking under the leaves of the vegetables for the destructive spider, she remembered how the Blessed Child Jesus had worked for St. Joseph in the little garden before the house at Nazareth. She had had a picture of it which Amelie had sent her, and so thoroughly did this tender thought fill her mind that she drew on a little card the picture as she remembered it. Jeffreys admired it very much. It represented a little house in a garden of flowers. Under a palm-tree was the Holy Child sawing a plank. Near Him stood St. Joseph watching Him, "for fear," Lucy said, "that He might cut His fingers."

The Blessed Virgin sat with her spinning-wheel near a rose-bush. Elizabeth drew this on the back of a card she found in her satchel. Tom and Lucy and Jeffreys examined it carefully. It was not very correct in drawing, but they did not trouble themselves about that.

"It's too bad that our dear Lord hadn't any little brothers or sisters!" said Lucy. "He had to play and work all by Himself."

"We're His brothers and sisters," answered Tom. "He didn't want anybody but us."



"That's true," put in Jeffreys, "and I like to hear you young folks say it. Somehow, I never felt the God-Man to be so real until I heard you Catholics talk about Him. Why, one would think He was with you every day!"

"Well, He is, I hope," said Elizabeth, turning with a smile.

Jeffreys smoked his pipe in silence after this, tilting back his chair, and fixing his eyes on Elizabeth's card. Elise, watching him, had her thoughts too. Why was it, she asked herself, that Jeffreys seemed so much touched by that little picture when he had resented all her attempts at controversy? After some thought she came to the conclusion that she had been trying "to show off" her historical knowledge, and that it was anger at Jeffreys rather than a desire to enlighten him which had induced her to make her onslaught on him.

Elise, who drew better than Elizabeth, made a series of pictures of the life of Our Lord. And Elizabeth supplemented them with the Stations of the Cross and proposed that they should read the Stations of the Cross every night for their deliverance from danger, and that they might see home.



The first night Dick, who was the best reader, undertook to lead. Elizabeth put the picture of each Station in front of the candle as Dick read. Jeffreys' eyes became moist before they finished. When Dick had reached the last Station, Jeffreys had turned his face to the wall. The children pretended not to notice it. After a time the old sailor said :

"Your religion is very real. I never felt God to be so near."

Lucy ran over to the old man, and put her arms around his neck.

"Nobody ever told me how He suffered before," he said, in a hoarse voice. "If one of your priests ever comes this way I *want* to see him."

The next day he took Jimmy to the part of the island where the raft was. He told him to bring his axe, well sharpened. Jeffreys carried a revolver.

"What is that for?" Jimmy asked.

Jeffreys hesitated. He seemed troubled. Jimmy looked at him in surprise. Then the old man said:

"There is only one danger for us on this island.



And I can't say that it really *is* here, but I am afraid ——”

Jimmy looked up in amazement. This tough old sailor was the last man he would think of as being afraid of anything.

“I am afraid that there's one of them here,—in fact, I heard sounds the last time I was here. You may need your axe, so look after it.”

“One of what?” asked Jimmy.

“You'll know soon enough,” answered the sailor, gruffly. “I'd have settled him long ago, but the rheumatism was tugging at me; and Barlow was a lubber, afraid of the shadow of a mast in the moonlight.”

“*Him?* What ‘him’? Who is ‘him’?” demanded Jimmy. “I will not go a step forward until I know just what you mean.”

Jimmy stood still.

“Come on, then,” said Jeffreys. “I suppose I must tell you; but when you hear what I have to say, I know you'll turn back. There was a brig wrecked off this island a month ago. It was the *Osprey*, Captain Marks, Liverpool to New York. It was a leaky old tub in '64,—I remember Marks used to grumble about it then. Well, the *Osprey*



went to pieces. Marks and the mates and the crew swam ashore, and were taken off by the *City of Lisbon* the next day. But I am sorry to say one of the passengers was saved."

Jimmy looked at Jeffreys in horror.

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked, after a pause. "You talk as if you were worse than a cannibal."

"He's worse than a cannibal. The other three—shipped from the Zoölogical Garden at London for the Central Park menagerie, and valued at three thousand dollars,—were drowned. This beast ——"

"This what?" asked Jimmy, his face growing paler.

"Well, if you must know it. He's a Bengal tiger, and he lives in a jungle on the east side of the island. We must pass it to get to the raft,—there! I knew you'd back out!"

Jimmy had stepped back. But he swung his axe in his hand, after a moment's thought, and stepped forward in advance of Jeffreys.

"That's right!" chuckled the sailor. "A rheumatic old man with a revolver and a boy with an axe! He'll find *me* the toughest."



Jimmy made no answer. His heart beat rapidly. He walked on beside Jeffreys, looking anxiously from side to side, expecting to catch sight of the stripes of the deadly beast.



## XXIII

## JEFFREYS' DANGER

JEFFREYS stumbled along, grumbling at the stupidity of his old friend Marks, who had been so foolish as to venture to set sail in his brig with wild beasts aboard. Jimmy marched boldly ahead, looking carefully to right and left. Once they stopped short. Was that a growl? They listened. It was only the wind rushing through a clump of dried bushes.

They reached the east side of the island without any accident. Between the outer wall of rock and the shore, in the quiet sea behind this natural breakwater, lay the raft. It was the biggest raft Jimmy had ever seen.

"If Mr. Drew were only here how happy he would be!"

"He may be happy yet," chuckled Jeffreys. "But now how are you going to get that raft out into the ocean? If a great storm should rise, the



chances are that the raft would be dashed to pieces. And ——”

“But how did it get in?”

“There was a tremendous storm,—a corker! The sea rose high above the rocks, and, by a strange notion the ocean has at times, ran the raft over the rocks, and left it there. The sea does strange things, as every ‘sailorman’ can tell you.”

Jimmy interrupted him. “I see just what can be done,” he said; “for many a time I have watched the men blasting rocks near our house. If you will lend me your boat—or perhaps I can use the yawl,—I’ll take gunpowder over there to-morrow, and I think I can make a fuse and blow up the thin line of rock just opposite to us.”

Jeffreys laughed. “You have plenty of pluck, my boy. But you’ll need more than pluck for a work like that. It took that great engineer, General Newton, a long time to blow up Hell Gate. You’ve heard of that?”

“Oh, but this is different! If we could get rid of that big rock in the centre of the line, the sea would pour over ——”

“And spoil my quiet island.”



“That is true,” answered Jimmy, after a little thought. “It is better that the raft should go to pieces than that your home should be destroyed. To blast the rock would be the only way of getting the raft into the sea.”

“You can do as you please,” said Jeffreys. “Take the raft, claim the reward, and go away, leaving my little island at the mercy of the sea.”

“What do you take me for?” asked Jimmy. “I am surprised, Mr. Jeffreys, that you should think that I would do such a thing, even to gain Mr. Drew’s reward.”

“You wouldn’t?”

“No, I wouldn’t. Do you think I could, after all your kindness to me?”

Jeffreys looked at him closely. “I believe you, boy,—yes, I believe you. The truth is I have grown suspicious in my old age, and I just wanted to try you ; and you’ve proved yourself to be honest and true. That line of rock is deceiving. There is really an outlet there large enough to admit the steamer, and even large enough to let the raft pass out—if it were managed with skill, and by somebody, like me, who knows the soundings. I see by your face that you think I have played a



mean trick in trying you this way ; but I'll make up for it. As soon as the steamer comes, I'll show you how it can be towed out, and I'll give it to you. You can claim the reward with a clear conscience. I've no use for money ; I have as much as I want. But—look ! There's that beast ! Look at him ! ”

Jimmy turned in the direction pointed to by the old sailor. About a hundred yards from them, in a circle of bushes, the head of the tiger was visible. Jimmy watched it as if fascinated. It was a magnificent head, velvety and beautifully striped, but cruel and vicious-looking. The wind blew away from them out to sea, and the tiger had not yet scented them.

“He must be pretty hungry by this time,” whispered Jeffreys.

Jimmy noticed for the first time that on the beach at their feet lay several large fish, very much mangled. The tiger had evidently been on the watch for such fish as inadvertently came within his clutches ; he had mangled them, but refused to eat them.

Jeffreys turned pale. “Let us go,” he said ; “the sight of the fish torn up in that way makes



me sick. How he'd tear us limb from limb if he could. I'd face the sea-serpent or anything in salt-water, but I am afraid of these horrible land beasts. Come, let us go."

Jeffreys turned suddenly ; but his rheumatism had made him stiff, and he stumbled before Jimmy could prevent it. In so doing he displaced a small piece of rock, which fell with a slight noise. The tiger started up from the bushes. He saw his prey in an instant. In about the same space of time the animal, with blazing eyes, had crossed half the distance between the bushes and our friends. Jimmy wanted to run away ; but he raised his axe and stepped before Jeffreys, who was trying to get up.

"The revolver !" the old sailor whispered, his hands trembling.

Jeffreys had faced many dangers by sea and land, but now ill health and the awful suddenness of the tiger's appearance unnerved him. Jimmy, seeing that the defence depended entirely on him, forgot his fear. He took the revolver in his right hand and grasped the axe with his left. The tiger crouched, switching his tail to and fro. Jimmy saw only the yellow eyes of the tiger,—everything



else seemed black to him. The animal made a tremendous bound; just at that moment the boy, aiming for one of its eyes, fired.

The tiger's bound carried him too far. He passed over the head of Jimmy and Jeffreys, and came to the ground about five feet behind them. The shot had failed to tell; but the flash seemed to daze the tiger. Dropping the revolver, although it was still loaded, Jimmy seized the axe in his right hand. This was a weapon he understood better than the revolver. He faced the tiger, and, before the angry beast could recover from the effect of the explosion, he raised the axe in both his hands and brought it down with all his force on the animal's skull. It swerved aside. Jimmy made blow follow blow. The tiger, with horrible roars and struggles, rolled over. Jeffreys arose, still trembling. The tiger shivered, and then, with a convulsive movement that seemed to mix all the beautiful yellow of his coat with its soft black stripes, stretched out and died.

Jeffreys touched the magnificent animal with his stick. He picked up his pistol and glanced at Jimmy, who stood, pale and panting, beside him.

"Well," said Jeffreys at last, "a sea-captain



that makes a menagerie of his ship ought to go around to take care of the animals when they break loose. It is a fine skin. I'll cut it off and make you a present of it,—though I must say that I hope you will not drop your pistol next time.”

“I hope there may not be a tiger to meet ‘next time,’ ” said Jimmy. He knelt down on the sand and said a little prayer of thanksgiving. Jeffreys took off his hat.

Together they dragged the tiger farther from the sea, for the tide was coming in. Jeffreys took out two big clasp-knives which he always carried, and began to skin the tiger with great skill. He told Jimmy that he had learned the taxidermist trade in Japan while waiting to have a ship repaired. Jeffreys then insisted that the raft must be liberated.

Jimmy lost no time. Carefully he prepared for clearing away the line of rock, which was barely high enough to keep the raft from floating out. With Jeffreys' assistance, he took sufficient powder to the point of the least resistance,—he didn't want to waste powder. He warned the rest of the party, lighted the fuse, and the explosion came, tearing away part of the protecting line.



"It can be done!" exclaimed Jimmy, triumphantly. "We'll let the raft stay where it is until a ship is sighted."

Jeffreys said that this would be prudent. He concluded, on careful examination, that the breaking away of the rock would not necessarily cause the island to be overflowed. "The big wall will remain," he said, "and that will be sufficient protection."

Jimmy remembered Aunt Susan's kindness. He said to himself that the tiger skin would make a nice rug for *her*. It would, perhaps, show her that he had not forgotten her goodness.

You can imagine the amazement with which everybody in camp heard the story of the tiger. Jeffreys had great difficulty in making Lucy and Tom believe that there were no other tigers on the island.

The young people were too busy with the tiger all the next day to think even of the steamer. Towards sunset Mr. Richards discovered a dot on the horizon, and later it became a light. By nine o'clock the brig *Woodpecker*, piloted by Jeffreys, who went out to meet her, entered the quiet belt of water on the east side of the island. The



captain, mate, and crew came ashore, and Jeffreys made a good bargain with the captain about the raft, according to which Jimmy was to pay one-tenth of his reward from Mr. Drew for the trouble of towing it to Liverpool. The *Woodpecker* was supplied with coal, water, and some vegetables, and went on her way, with the raft in tow.

Three days after her departure, the steamer *City of Brooklyn* glided majestically towards the island.

“And now for home!” was the cry.



## XXIV

## ALL'S WELL!

IN the meantime there was an anxious group on the deck of the *City of Brooklyn*. The steamer was bound from Liverpool to New York, and on board of it were Aunt Susan, Mr. Thorndyke, and Mr. and Mrs. Drew. They came to be there in this way. Aunt Susan, as soon as the news of the loss of the *Oceanic* had been cabled, went to New York and took passage for Liverpool. There she met Mr. Thorndyke, who had resolved to go to New York in the hope that something might be heard of his children.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew and the rest of the passengers of the ill-fated *Oceanic* arrived about this time. You can imagine the grief of Mr. Thorndyke and Aunt Susan when they found that the young people were not with them. Mr. Drew afterwards said that Aunt Susan's face was the most heartrending spectacle he had ever seen. Aunt Susan telegraphed to Dublin, and there was



more sorrow. Mr. Drew had hitherto been wrapped up in his own affairs. He could think of nothing but his lost raft. Now he became almost as much absorbed in the grief of Aunt Susan.

"That poor Brogan boy," he said over and over again. "I could have helped him so much, and I didn't." He tried to equip a ship to cruise in search of the lost children; but he could make no arrangements for obtaining the right kind of vessel. He was sure that the leak in the *Oceanic* had been caused by part of his rafts. This made him very melancholy. He often said to Mrs. Drew that he felt that the escape of the rafts was a punishment for his constant devotion to the acquirement of riches.

"You had better devote yourself to higher things then," remarked Mrs. Drew.

"I would," answered Mr. Drew, "if Jimmy were alive. I never saw such an innocent and kindly face as that boy had. And to think that he should be brought to his death through those wretched rafts! I'd give half my fortune if they were only safely anchored in port."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Drew. "You have no



reason to believe that it was your raft, or wood from your raft, that did the mischief. It's a delusion."

Mr. Drew shook his head sadly.

"I am getting old, and I am wretched that my life should be shadowed by such a horrible thing,—for it is a horrible thing."

His wife tried to console him, but in vain.

Shortly after this conversation Mr. Drew wandered aimlessly through the streets, lost in thought. His wife, with a sigh, watched him go out. She shook her head sadly. She feared that he might lose his reason from brooding over the possible injury his rafts might have done to vessels on the sea.

"I wish he were religious!" she said to herself. "If he only had the *faith* of *that* boy, it would save him."

Mr. Drew went his way, sad and depressed. He became aware that there was music somewhere near him, and he stopped at the end of a side street. The music came from a little brown coated church a short distance up the street. Mr. Drew did not know it then, but the music he heard was the "*Tantum Ergo*." He paused, but



he had no intention of entering. He had never been in a Catholic church in his life, and he had a prejudice against going in. He was about to pass on when he caught sight of a statue in a little niche over the door of the church. It was a statue of a friar with an upturned face, and underneath were carved the words, "St. Antony." Mr. Drew went closer to the church and examined the statue. So this was Jimmy Brogan's St. Antony, who had so much influence with his Lord that people in distress asked him to help them! Mr. Drew wished that he could find out something more about this St. Antony. He stepped into the church. It was crowded; every head was bowed in prayer, and Mr. Drew thought that he had never seen such evidence of devotion before. The aroma of incense, the low organ tones, the devotional light,—he forgot even these in the piety of the people.

He entered a pew and buried his face in his hands. When he arose the church was empty. A priest who had been kneeling at the foot of the altar came towards him, and Mr. Drew said:

"I wish, sir, you would tell me something about this St. Antony of yours."



The priest concealed his surprise at the child-like question of the old gentleman, and asked him to come into his house. "I must begin, my dear sir, by telling you something about the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And, after that, we will talk of St. Antony. Our Lord must come first." Then and there Mr. Drew received his first lesson in the doctrines of that faith which was to be such a deep source of consolation to him. He and his wife made, some months later, their First Communion. So Jimmy's simple faith and sincere words had borne good fruit. But in the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Drew went to sea to find the children. And the happy day came.

Jeffreys and Mr. Richards, Jimmy and Dick, rowed out to the steamer. Mr. Drew met them. He could not utter a word when he saw the boys. He wrung their hands and cried like a child. Then, after Dick had told him that the others were safe and well, he went down to ask his wife to prepare Aunt Susan for her great joy.

It was a happy party that entered Jeffreys' domain about an hour later. Jeffreys had decorated his little hut with a clump of tall Annunci-



ation lilies and red tulips. Tom and Lucy kissed Aunt Susan until she begged them not to kill her. They were all very happy.

"And we must not forget St. Antony," Mr. Drew said. "I am sure *he* has helped to find us all."

This reminded Jimmy of the raft. His news pleased Mr. Drew very much.

"My dear boy," he said to Jimmy, "you shall have the reward, and I would cheerfully give you more for what you have done for me. I can never repay you."

Jimmy blushed at these kind words. "But Jeffreys," said Jimmy. "It was Jeffreys that told me of the raft."

"Jimmy managed the whole thing, sir," said Jeffreys, touching his cap.

"Jeffreys shall be taken good care of." Mr. Drew's eyes beamed kindly; he began to be happy. He turned to Elise.

"And so, mademoiselle," Mr. Drew said, laughing, "are you still so aristocratic as you were? Have you learned anything by adversity?"

It was Elise's turn to blush.

"I have learned, Mr. Drew," she said, "that



goodness and kindness are better than anything else, and that I have been a very heartless and foolish girl."

"In fact," quoted Mr. Drew, "that

'Tis only noble to be good,  
That hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood'—

I mean 'Thorndyke blood.'"

Elise smiled.

"And what have *you* been taught?" he asked of Dick.

"That every boy ought to learn how to use his eyes and hands, and that the worst thing in life is to find oneself useless when one ought to be of use."

"Well said!" answered Mr. Drew. "And you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth hesitated. "I cannot tell what I have learned," she said; "but I know I have unlearned a great deal of nonsense. I think, Mr. Drew, that I have learned that good advice must be taken seriously—when it comes from our real friends. Sometimes I used to think that Amelie preached too much. Now I see that every word



she writes means something, because she loves me."

"And you, Tom?"

"To work hard," Tom said, promptly.

Everybody laughed.

"And you, Bernard?" asked Aunt Susan, with a gentle smile.

"To be honest and not to pretend anything."

"The best lesson of all!" said Mr. Drew.

"And Lucy?"

"I have learned to cook," replied Lucy, seriously and proudly, holding up her hands with several burns on them. "Oh, Aunt Susan, I can make coffee!"

"And I," put in Jeffreys, "have learned to love the faith that could make these young people grow better every day. I know now that a man's an animal to hate what he doesn't know about."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Aunt Susan.

Mr. Richards beamed on them all. In a few days he would be home; he was very happy, too.

. . . . .

Aunt Susan admired the tiger skin. Jimmy offered it to her. She was delighted.

The *City of Brooklyn* took on board all the



coal and vegetables wanted ; the young people said a tearful good-bye to Jeffreys, who promised to come to Thornydale to hear Mass with them. Away they sailed, not without some regret as the island and its circle of foam-caps were lost to view.

Mr. Drew had a very comfortable, portable house sent out for Jeffreys, but he talks now of leaving his island. He wants to see his young friends again. He is content to know that Mr. Drew's pension will enable him to travel wherever he wants to go.

Elise and Bernard, Dick, Elizabeth, Lucy, and Tom, went across the ocean in a month or so after they landed in New York. The Thorndykes are now in London ; and the MacCarthys in France with Amelie, studying very hard. Amelie made such an appeal to their father, that the young people went to her from Dublin, for a long visit.

Mrs. Brogan, looking a little older, was too moved to speak when Jimmy appeared. Mr. and Mrs. Drew shed tears at the spectacle of the meeting of the mother and son.

Mr. Drew gave Jimmy ten thousand dollars. Mrs. Brogan paid off all her husband's debts and



built a nice house. Jimmy was sent to college, where he is now, working as hard as he worked on Jeffreys' island. Mr. Drew and Jimmy and Mr. MacCarthy have Masses said for the repose of the souls of the four dead sailors on each anniversary of their death.

Dick is most anxious to get home to his native land. He likes the French school well enough, but he says that he cannot live another year without seeing a good game of baseball. He was inclined to look on the school as too strict; but Amelie said that boys needed very strict discipline at his age; and, although he scoffed,—in bad French at her opinion,—he almost accepts it when he observes that he has made great progress in his studies. Elizabeth is homesick at times, too;—but Dick and Tom say that, when they have spent one more Christmas with Amelie, they will go home,—if they are obliged to swim.

THE END







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